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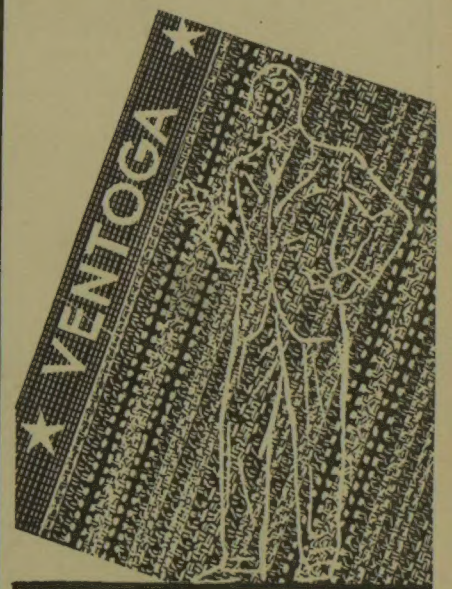
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Date	Ship	Days	From Gns.	Visiting
*April 18	'Orford'	22	37	To Naples, Athens, Port Said, Alexandria and Lisbon
May 4	'Orontes'	20	34	To Dalmatian Coast, Venice, Sicily, Northern Africa, etc.
May 11	'Orford'	20	34	To Constantinople, Athens, Sicily, etc.
May 25	'Orontes'	17	27	To Italy, Villefranche, Palma, Ceuta, etc.
June 1	'Orford'	16	25	To Madeira, Morocco, Barcelona, Palma and Lisbon.
June 7	'Orama'	21	32	To Constantinople, Athens, Rhodes, Sicily, etc.
June 29	'Orama'	14	21	To Atlantic Islands, Morocco, etc.
June 29	'Orontes'	13	20	To Norwegian Fjords and Arctic Circle.
July 13	'Orontes'	13	20	To Oslo, Stockholm, Copenhagen and Norwegian Fjords.
July 27	'Orontes'	13	20	To Bergen and Norwegian Fjords.
Aug. 10	'Orontes'	19	28	To Oslo, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Baltic Cities and Norwegian Fjords.
*Aug. 14	'Orion'	24	44	To Naples, Venice, Constantinople, Rhodes and Lisbon.
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1935.



SAAR PLEBISCITE ENTHUSIASTS DEFY RAIN AND SNOW: A VAST PHALANX OF UMBRELLAS AT AN OPEN-AIR MEETING OF THE NAZI DEUTSCHE FRONT, NEAR SAARBRÜCKEN—SHOWING A SPEAKER'S TRIBUNE (ON THE RIGHT).

Rival factions in the Saar, the Nazi Deutsche Front and the anti-Nazi Einheitsfront, each held a great open-air meeting at Saarbrücken on Sunday, January 6, just a week before the date of the Plebiscite. Their ardour was not damped by the rain, which turned to sleet and snow. The Deutsche Front met in the morning, at the suburb of St. Arnual, where about 150,000 people stood beneath a vast phalanx of umbrellas, greeting the arrival of flags and leaders with shouts of "Heil!" It was a middle-class crowd, mostly men, in contrast to the artisan and feminine element

among the anti-Nazis. The Einheitsfront meeting (illustrated on page 41) was held at 3 p.m. at a sports ground, and a company of the East Lancashires was stationed near to deal with any attempt at molestation, but none occurred. The rival crowds were in close juxtaposition at Saarbrücken station, as the Nazis were leaving and their opponents arriving, but skilful police arrangements and a show of force—Italian army lorries with a machine-gun—prevented a clash. As they passed each other, the Nazis sang the Horst Wessel Song and their rivals replied with the Internationale.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE accepted title of Elementary Education has in it elements of confusion, and even contradiction; and presents problems which even Sherlock Holmes could hardly knock out with the ashes of his pipe, or crumple up in the pocket of his dressing-gown, with the famous and familiar summary: "Elementary, my dear Watson, elementary." The very word has a curious history, both in ancient and modern science; and history, especially the history of words, is one of the many things in which many people who consider themselves educated have suffered from a rather defective education. Almost within our own time, the elements have been among the examples in which science, so far from merely moving slowly from ignorance to knowledge, has rather prematurely proclaimed knowledge and then equally hastily retreated into ignorance; sometimes finding a queer consolation in translating a Latin word into Greek, and continuing to call its ignorance by the name of agnosticism. But there were also other uses of the word, of a more imaginative and mystical sort, which would considerably disturb the question in its practical and political aspect.

Our Elementary Education certainly does not include in its curriculum any of that invisible violence or that visionary sleep which in poetry is sometimes described as "elemental"; and I really shudder to imagine a meeting of the National Union of Teachers at which Mr. Yeats or A. E. should introduce some of those beings of wind and flame that are known as Elementals. Even in the realm of logic, education must be more local and limited, and less absolute and abstracted, than many would associate with such terminology. This is especially true of that very typically English joke which talks about the three R's; a paradox or piece of perversity which delights in presenting the champion of certain forms of learning as a man who has obviously never learned them.

It is objected nowadays that forms of popular instruction are patriotic or partisan, or in some such way partial; but it is difficult for the driest forms of instruction to be in the extreme sense impartial; to be all that is sometimes implied in being impersonal or international. Even the alphabet must be an English alphabet and not an abstract alphabet; even the numerals must be Arabic numerals and not abstract numerals; people are taught to do sums or keep accounts with conventional figures and not with the figures of geometry. But, again, it is rather an English joke, and perhaps something of a satire by a commercial culture on itself, that we describe the children who are taught to count as being "taught to cypher." There is something almost like a sneer in the suggestion that the figure which stands for everything is the figure which stands for nothing.

But there is another and rather neglected sense in which education can be elementary and even what might be called elemental. I mean there is some tendency to forget the natural function, of which what we call elementary education is really a sort of official standardisation; necessarily formalised and

not unfrequently fossilised. About the middle of the nineteenth century, an abnormal and superstitious trick of words began to appear; by which it was suggested that education was a sort of new scientific discovery, fertilising the mind with fresh elements, like fresh chemical elements. Education was like electricity; a new energy which could do what had never been done, and produce definite effects on the patient or victim without their being even understood by the doctor or experimentalist. It had properties of its own, like a soil or a salt; it could cure diseases; it could even cure contrary diseases. It would solve the annoying problem of Negroes who did not want to be citizens, or of Irishmen who did want to be citizens. It would teach workmen to be content

Now, it is exactly this plain and primary relation that seems to me to be almost completely forgotten in the complicated discussions about official and organised instruction. It is curiously and conspicuously forgotten by those who have lately been raising alarms, on both sides, about the alleged partiality or partisanship of various types of public teaching. There are some very bigoted people who object to anything patriotic, and call it militaristic. There are others on the other side, quite equally bigoted, who object to any revolutionary legend or memories of popular wrongs, as connected with some (to them) very hazy thing called Bolshevism. Neither side seems to consider, to start with, that people talk about wars and revolutions, if only as they talk about earthquakes and great fires, not because they think them particularly pleasant and cosy things to experience, but because they think them important and interesting things to discuss. And we shall find a perfect simplification and solution of about three-quarters of the quarrels and problems presented by party differences in the educational field if we fall back on the simple fact, or call up the simple picture, merely by asking: "What would a man naturally say to a little boy?"

For instance, it would be wildly and insanely unnatural *not* to say to a little boy that a particular hill he could see or climb was the highest hill in the county, or that this or that other truth or tradition was attached to it. And it is every bit as cracked and crazy not to tell the little boy that a particular hero who is buried on the hill or within the county was famous as a great archer or a great horseman or a great sailor who had discovered strange islands in the ends of the earth. It would be perfectly natural for the boy to be more interested in his own hill and his own hero than in whatever hills or heroes might be at the moment remembered by the other

little boys in the islands at the ends of the earth; and that is the perfectly normal and very universal origin of patriotism. To say that the boy ought not to admire the hero until he has studied the historical details enough to dispute about the hero's policy in the ends of the earth, is exactly like saying that the little boy ought not to climb the hill he can see from his house until he has visited all the islands on the other side of the world. It is simply a confusion between the kind of thing to be told to a little boy, and the kind of thing to be discussed and disputed with a grown man. It is simply the reversal and obstruction of a perfectly ordinary human function; and it is this human function, like the feeding of an infant, that lies behind all its subsequent developments in what we call education. Only the educationists do not start with the simple fact of the child; they start with all the complicated claims of their own political factions or fashionable theories, and end by practically leaving out the simple thing from which the whole institution sprang. It is that primitive private conversation which alone really has a right to be called Elementary Education.



BRITISH ART IN INDUSTRY: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY; WITH SIR WILLIAM LLEWELLYN, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, THE CHAIRMAN, AND MR. JOHN A. MILNE, CHAIRMAN OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, THE VICE-CHAIRMAN (RIGHT).

The Royal Academy Exhibition of British Art in Industry was opened by the Prince of Wales on Friday, January 4. It owes its being to the Royal Society of Arts, who suggested it, and, of course, to the Royal Academy, who willingly fell in with the idea. His Royal Highness is the President of the General Committee. Illustrations of exhibits will be found on other pages of this number.

with starvation and also cure monks of having an enthusiasm for poverty. Any sort of people who happened to irritate us; by not being the same sort of people as ourselves, only needed to be cured by an electric shock from the new electric battery called Education. Now this, like a good many other Victorian "fairy-tales of science," was a fairy-tale in every way, and had nothing scientific about it. There is no such thing as Education, as these people understand Education. Education is simply some culture or condition of mind, in a state of transition from one set of people to another. You can arrange, if you like, to transfer the lights, licences, and limitations of a set of English gentlemen to a set of Irish peasants; or, at least, you can try if you like. Similarly, you could, if you liked, try to transfer the lights and limitations of the Irish peasants to the English gentlemen. But there is no separate solid thing, neither English nor Irish, which operates in either case by its own abstract energy under the name of Education. The nearest you could get to the norm or substance of the thing itself would be to say that it is the social or scholastic function which corresponds to the ordinary action of a grown-up person talking to a child.

THE SAAR PLEBISCITE: PRELIMINARY PHASES— VOTING IN GAOL AND HOSPITAL; THE "CLENCHED FIST."

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(Status quo)

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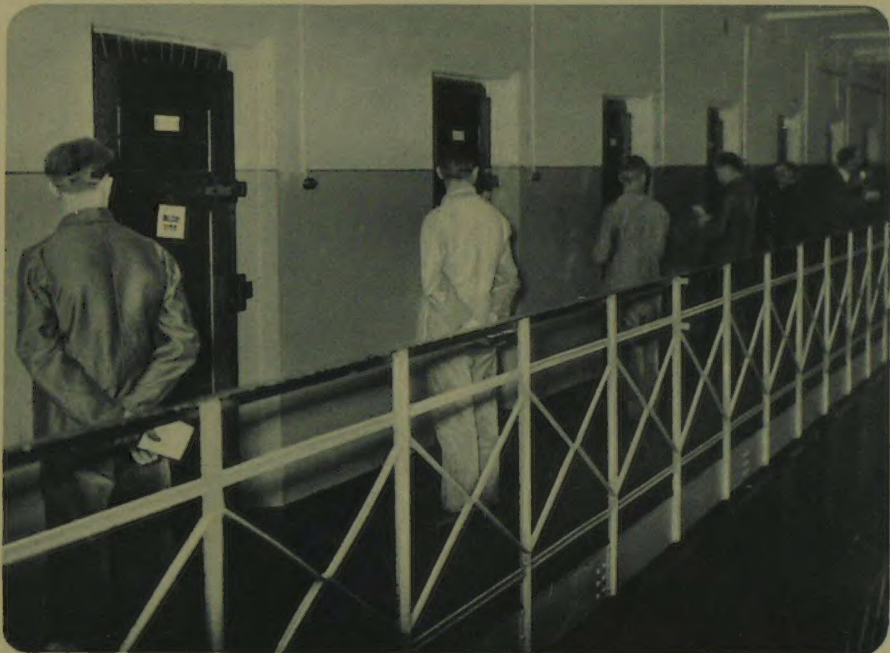
Vereinigung mit Deutschland

DER ABSTIMMUNGSBERECHTIGTE MACHT
EIN KREUZ (X) IN DIE WEISSE KREISFLÄCHE
DES SEINER WAHL ENTSPRECHENDEN FELDES

THE VOTER'S TRIPLE CHOICE—(TOP) THE STATUS QUO; (CENTRE) UNION WITH FRANCE;
(BELOW) UNION WITH GERMANY: A SAAR PLEBISCITE BALLOT-CARD, TO BE MARKED
BY THE VOTER WITH A CROSS IN ONE OF THE WHITE CIRCLES.



THE ANTI-NAZI "CLENCHED-FIST" SALUTE: DEMONSTRATORS AT AN OPEN-AIR RALLY, IN SAARBRÜCKEN, OF THE EINHEITSFRONT, WHO STAND FOR THE STATUS QUO AND THE MOTTO "DOWN WITH HITLER!"



PRELIMINARY VOTING IN A PRISON AT SAARBRÜCKEN: CONVICTS LINED-UP IN A CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THEIR CELLS, AWAITING THEIR TURN TO VISIT THE BALLOT ROOM, TO WHICH THEY WERE TAKEN IN GROUPS OF TWO.



EARLY BALLOTING BY MEMBERS OF PUBLIC SERVICES UNABLE TO ATTEND ON PLEBISCITE DAY: A VOTER LEAVING A CUBICLE IN A SAARBRÜCKEN SCHOOL USED AS A POLLING STATION, UNDER POLICE SUPERVISION.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE SAAR PLEBISCITE TO BE HELD ON JANUARY 13: A STAFF OF OFFICIALS AND CLERKS AT SAARBRÜCKEN ENGAGED IN SORTING AND CLASSIFYING BALLOT PAPERS NUMBERING OVER 540,000.

The first stage of the Saar Plebiscite took place at Saarbrücken on January 7, when certain classes of voters unable to attend on polling day (January 13)—officials, members of essential public services, patients in hospital, and convicts in prison—were given special facilities to vote. The voting cards set out the three choices—(1) *Status quo*; (2) Union with France; (3) Union with Germany—with a blank circle opposite each for the voter's cross. There was no disorder, but several voters were disqualified for announcing their intentions. In the Raststuhl Hospital eighty votes were recorded, and a school was used as a polling



PRELIMINARY POLLING IN A HOSPITAL AT SAARBRÜCKEN: A PATIENT ON A WHEELED STRETCHER, WHOSE VOTE IS SEEN BEING PLACED IN THE BALLOT-BOX BY ONE OF THE OFFICIALS IN CHARGE.

station for officials and other voters. Convicts voted at the Lerchesflur prison, in the suburbs. It was arranged that on January 10 many neutral presidents of voting committees should arrive for the main Plebiscite, when 860 polling stations, throughout the territory, will operate. After the poll, the sealed ballot-boxes will be brought to the Wartburg, a public hall in Saarbrücken, where counting, by 150 neutral tellers, will proceed all night. As noted on our front page, the open-air rally of the anti-Nazi organisation, Einheitsfront, took place at Saarbrücken on January 6, shortly after that of their opponents, the Deutsche Front.

THE LINDBERGH CASE: A TRIAL WITH AMAZING PRESS AND RADIO PUBLICITY.



THE YOUNG LEADING COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION: MR. DAVID WILENTZ, ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.



THE JUDGE BEFORE WHOM THE TRIAL BEGAN ON JANUARY 2: MR. THOMAS TRENCHARD, OF NEW JERSEY, A JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT.



THE VETERAN LEADING COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE: MR. EDWARD J. REILLY, AN IRISH ADVOCATE OF LONG EXPERIENCE IN CRIMINAL CASES.



THE SCENE OF THE TRIAL OF BRUNO HAUPTMANN FOR THE ALLEGED MURDER OF COLONEL LINDBERGH'S SON IN MARCH 1932: THE COURTHOUSE AT FLEMINGTON.



SHOWING ITS LIMITED ACCOMMODATION AND INFORMAL ARRANGEMENTS: THE INTERIOR OF THE FLEMINGTON COURTHOUSE DURING A PREVIOUS CASE.



THE CHILD'S NURSE: MISS BETTY GOW (LEFT), ABOARD THE "AQUITANIA" WITH MRS. OLLIE WHATLEY (WIDOW OF COLONEL LINDBERGH'S BUTLER).



ACCUSED OF MURDERING COLONEL LINDBERGH'S BABY SON "WHILE ATTEMPTING A BURGLARIOUS ENTRY": BRUNO RICHARD HAUPTMANN, A GERMAN CARPENTER.



ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS BETTY GOW, WHO RETURNED FROM SCOTLAND TO GIVE EVIDENCE: LEAVING THE "AQUITANIA" WITH A SHIP'S OFFICER.

It is probably safe to say that no murder case has ever obtained such amazing Press and radio publicity, even in the United States, as the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, a German carpenter, aged thirty-four, on a charge of murdering the infant son of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, "while attempting a burglarious entry into the Lindbergh home on March 1, 1932." The trial opened on January 2, before Mr. Justice Trenchard, at Flemington, a country town in New Jersey, a few miles from Colonel Lindbergh's estate from which the baby was kidnapped. The old-fashioned Courthouse, built 100 years ago and only accommodating some 300 to 400 people, was packed, and there were over 800 applications for 135 newspaper seats. Part

of the American Press, it may be noted, has shown signs of dissatisfaction with the excessive publicity aroused by the trial and with the methods of procedure in general. It was reported that counsel, both for the defence and the prosecution, gave long interviews to the Press, every day, announcing their plans for the next day's hearing; and, further, that on January 3 Mr. Reilly delivered a broadcast talk in which he said the defence would attempt to show that the kidnapping was planned in the Lindbergh home, though no member of the family was implicated. The witnesses for the prosecution included Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh and Miss Betty Gow, the child's Scottish nurse. As we write, the trial is proceeding.

THE FLOODS IN VICTORIA.



TENNIS COURTS AFTER THE MELBOURNE FLOODS: AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE STADIUM AT KOOVONG, WITH ONLY THE NEW STAND AND THE TOP TIERS OF COURT-SIDE SEATS VISIBLE; THE COURTS THEMSELVES UNDER THIRTY FEET OF WATER.



FLOOD DAMAGE IN GIPPSLAND, VICTORIA: BOTH ENDS OF A BRIDGE OVER THE BUNYIP RIVER, BETWEEN BUNYIP AND LONGWARRY, TORN OUT BY THE RAGING TORRENT; THE BRIDGE HAVING BEEN COMPLETELY UNDER WATER SHORTLY BEFORE.



THE FLOODS IN THE SUBURBS OF MELBOURNE, WHERE SEVERAL LIVES WERE LOST AND MUCH DAMAGE WAS DONE: POLICEMEN WADING TO THE RESCUE OF A TRAPPED FAMILY IN KAIKOURA AVENUE.

Continuous gales and torrential rain in late November and early December caused the worst floods that Melbourne and Victoria have ever known. Thirty-six lives were lost by lightning and drowning, and material damage estimated at £1,000,000 at least was done. Thousands of people were rendered homeless, especially in Gippsland, the south-easternmost corner of Australia, where several small towns had to be evacuated completely. Great damage was done to railways, roads, bridges, and foreshores, and to the crops of barley, potatoes, and onions, while thousands of sheep, cattle, and horses were drowned. The Yallourn brown coal works, the chief source of electricity in Victoria, were inundated by flood water, which covered millions of tons of coal ready for excavation. There alone the damage was estimated as a quarter of a million pounds' worth. The Duke of Gloucester, who had only just left Victoria for New South Wales and Queensland, sent a message of sympathy to Lord Huntingfield, the Governor of Victoria. Relief funds were opened for those bereaved and in distress, and nearly six thousand sufferers were given help by the Government.

THE DUKE IN NEW ZEALAND.

As mentioned in our last issue, the Duke of Gloucester, on the conclusion of his Australian tour, arrived at Wellington, New Zealand, on December 15 aboard H.M.A.S. "Australia." The enthusiasm with which he was welcomed was as spontaneous as that which had marked his visits to the great Australian cities. Wellington appreciated the honour of offering the first greeting, and the city's welcome in the town hall was a memorable one. On December 16, in glorious weather, the Duke attended the race meeting at Trentham, where a record number of visitors was present. The chief event of the day, the Duke of Gloucester Handicap, was won by Cricket Bat, owned by Sir Charles Clifford, to whom the Duke presented the gold cup. In the evening his Royal Highness was present at the Government House Ball. On the following day the Duke attended a State luncheon at Government House, a garden party, and the city's charity ball. He visited clubs for ex-soldiers and commercial travellers, and laid the foundation-stone of a new railway station.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S ARRIVAL IN NEW ZEALAND: THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH CUBA STREET, WELLINGTON, ON ITS WAY TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE AFTER THE OFFICIAL WELCOME AT THE TOWN HALL.



A ROYAL GARDEN PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, WITH LORD AND LADY BLEDISLOE ON EITHER SIDE, DURING THE THIRD DAY OF HIS VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND.



A ROYAL INSPECTION OF THE NEW ZEALAND DIVISION OF THE ROYAL NAVY HELD AT WELLINGTON: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, ACCOMPANIED BY REAR-ADMIRAL BURGESS WATSON, PASSING ALONG THE LINES OF MEN.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE SOLIDARITY OF THE NEW GERMANY: NAZI CHIEFS ARRIVING AT THE OPERA HOUSE, BERLIN, FOR THE CONCLAVE SECRETLY SUMMONED BY HERR HITLER.

On January 3, the political, military, and party leaders of Nazi Germany were hurriedly summoned by Herr Hitler to meet in secret conclave in the Prussian State Opera in Berlin. Many of them came from different parts of the country, hastily conveyed to the capital by rail or air. This dramatic gathering has no precedent in its secrecy and in its suddenness. No announcement of it had been

(Continued opposite.)



THE FÜHRER (LEFT) SALUTED BY HIS LIEUTENANTS AS HE LEFT THE NAZI MEETING: A CONGRESS TO PROVE TO THE SAAR THE UNITY OF GERMANY.

made, and apparently neither German nor foreign Press representatives were admitted. The official object of the meeting was to demonstrate to the world in general, and to the Saar on the eve of the plebiscite in particular, the unity and solidarity of Nazi Germany; and to "tear with a single jerk the whole tissue of lies" which, it is claimed in Germany, has been spread in foreign countries concerning weakness and dissensions within the Nazi Party.



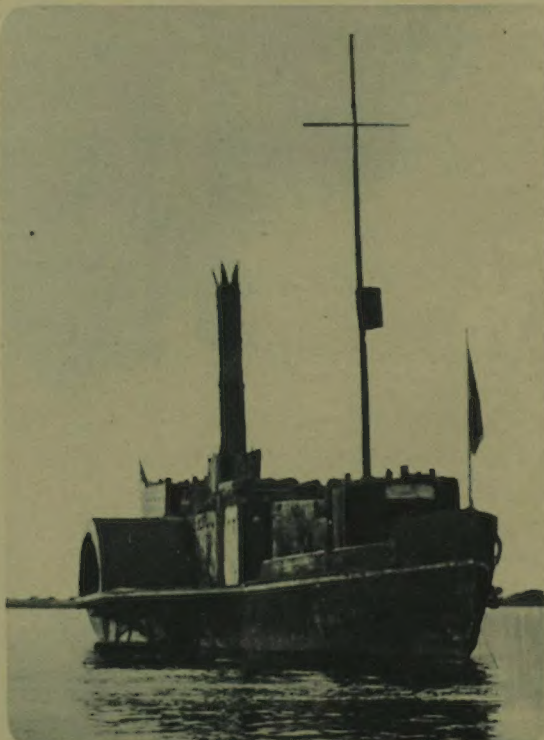
THE BELFRY OF A TWELFTH-CENTURY CHURCH CRASHING TO THE GROUND: THE DELIBERATE DEMOLITION OF AN UNSAFE BUILDING AT COIMBRA.

After the decision to demolish the unsafe Santa Cruz belfry at Coimbra, Portugal, firemen were called in to play their hoses into the foundations and through the fissures to loosen the mortar before dynamite was used. The result was that, on January 3, the belfry collapsed, doing, it is said, less damage to neighbouring buildings than was expected. The nearby Cloister of Silence escaped injury. Our photograph shows the belfry falling.



A FRANCO-ITALIAN AGREEMENT SIGNED IN ROME; WITH AN IMPROVED OUTLOOK FOR EUROPEAN PEACE: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI AND M. LAVAL (CENTRE) AFTER SIGNING.

The visit to Rome of M. Laval, the French Foreign Minister, resulted in the signature, on January 7, of a number of instruments affecting Franco-Italian relations in Africa and international problems concerned with peace in Central Europe. The agreement, to be open to the adhesion of other States, guarantees in effect the independence and integrity of Austria; and it is hoped that her neighbours will undertake not to interfere by violence in each other's internal affairs. The African settlement ends a long series of misunderstandings between France and Italy.



A RELIC OF GENERAL GORDON STILL MOORED IN THE BLUE NILE: THE GUN-BOAT "BORDEIN."

This historic veteran, the gun-boat "Bordein," has been preserved in her original state, with her loop-holed palisade of wooden railway-sleepers above the engine well, and is now moored in the Blue Nile opposite the palace at Khartoum. Coming to the relief of Gordon in 1885, the "Bordein" grounded twice, and this delayed the expedition for twenty-four hours.



"CRASH HELMETS" FOR MINERS: A NEW SAFETY DEVICE IN STAFFORDSHIRE.

To lessen the risk of mining accidents, a new type of helmet for miners, resembling in appearance the crash helmet of the dirt-track rider, has been introduced at the West Cannock colliery, Staffordshire. Made of a waterproof composition very light in weight, this helmet will give better protection to the wearer.



THE CELEBRATION OF THE PONTIFICAL REQUIEM MASS FOR THE REPOSE OF THE SOUL OF CARDINAL BOURNE: THE IMPRESSIVE SCENE IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL; WITH THE COFFIN SURROUNDED BY CANDLES, AND THE TWO VISITING CARDINALS KNEELING AT THE ALTAR STEPS.

In the presence of a great gathering of clergy and laity, the Archbishop of Cardiff celebrated a Pontifical Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Cardinal Bourne, at Westminster Cathedral, on January 4. The coffin was set under the tower, surrounded by lights and covered with a heavy pall of black velvet embroidered with gold, on which were placed the Cardinal's hat, which was at the head, and his scarlet biretta, which was at the foot. The procession of many hundreds of clergy up the nave lasted some twenty minutes; it was brought up by Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop of Paris, and Cardinal Hlond, Archbishop of Poznan. The Mass was the majestic First Mass of All Souls' Day; the "Dies Iræ" was sung from behind the high altar. At the Elevation, the two Cardinals moved from their places to kneel in adoration behind the

Archbishop. The clergy received each a candle, which was lighted for the reading of the Gospel, and again for the Canon of the Mass and the Absolution. Cardinal Verdier, assisted by four Bishops, performed the office of Absolution, the words of intercession being repeated over and over again as each Bishop in turn moved slowly round the bier, censuring it and sprinkling it with holy water. Among those present were the French and Belgian Ambassadors, and many other members of the Diplomatic Corps; the Lord Mayor of London; and Archdeacon C. J. E. Peshall, Chaplain of the Fleet. Cardinal Bourne was buried, in fulfilment of his own wish, in the Galilee Chapel of St. Edmund's College, Ware. Here his body lies at the foot of the altar, in the chapel which he himself presented to the college, where he had trained for the priesthood.

PERSONALITIES OF
THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE
PUBLIC EYE.



MISS SARAH WAMBAUGH.

An expert on plebiscites; technical adviser to the Saar Plebiscite Commission. Played a part in planning the arrangements for ballot in the Saar on January 13. Expert adviser on Saar and Dánzig, League of Nations, 1920.



SIR WALTER DE FRECE.

Died January 7; aged sixty-four. Formerly manager of provincial theatres and music halls. The husband of Miss Vesta Tilley. A strenuous war worker. M.P. (Conservative) for Ashton-under-Lyne, 1920; afterwards for Blackpool.



MAJOR THE HON. C. W. LOWTHER.

Heir to Viscount Ullswater, former Speaker of the House of Commons. Died January 7; aged forty-seven. Began his career in the Diplomatic Service. Served in Army during the war. M.P. (U.), N. Cumberland, 1918-1922.



LIEUT.-COL. SIR M. ARCHER-SHEE.

Formerly M.P. (Unionist) for Finsbury, 1906-1918, and for the reorganised constituency until 1923. Died January 6. Served in the South African War (at the siege of Ladysmith) and the Great War. He had also served in the Navy.



LADY LAVERY (WIFE OF SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.), WHO DIED ON JANUARY 3.

Lady Lavery, the wife of Sir John Lavery, R.A., died on January 3. She married Sir John in 1910. With many Irish friends, she played a part in the delicate negotiations which preceded the signing of the Treaty. She herself was an artist, and she often sat for her husband, who drew her as the colleen on the modern Irish banknotes.

KILLED BY AN AVALANCHE NEAR VENT, IN THE TYROL, WHILE SEEKING HELP FOR MR. KENNETH ARMSTRONG: MR. JOHN HOWARD.

Mr. Howard was on his way to fetch help for his companion, Mr. Kenneth Armstrong, who had been overwhelmed by an avalanche when skiing near Vent, in the Tyrol, when he, too, was overtaken. The latter was a research scholar at Merton College, and the son of Dr. E. F. Armstrong, Chairman of the Association of British Chemical Manufacturers. Mr. Howard, son of Mr. Fred Howard, a former Mayor of Holborn, worked at the Government Fuel Research Station at Golder's Green.



THE LAST OF THE "GIRTON PIONEERS" DEAD: DAME LOUISA LUMSDEN.

Dame Louisa Lumsden, LL.D., died on January 3; aged ninety-four. She was the last of the so-called "Girton Pioneers," who, in 1869, founded at Hitchin the college for the higher education of women, later transferred to Girton. She was classical tutor at Girton, 1873-4; and on the staff of Cheltenham Ladies' College, 1876-7.



AWARDED THE O.M. IN THE NEW YEAR'S HONOURS: PROFESSOR J. W. MACKAIL.

Dr. Mackail, who received the Order of Merit in the New Year's Honours, has devoted his life to the study and the teaching of Greek and Latin poetry. He is Professor of Ancient Literature in the Royal Academy. He was Professor of Poetry at Oxford from 1906 to 1911. His publications include the *Odyssey* in English verse.



THE FAMOUS EUMORFOPOULOS COLLECTION ACQUIRED FOR THE NATION: MR. GEORGE EUMORFOPOULOS HOLDING ONE OF HIS CHINESE TREASURES.

As noted elsewhere in this number, the British Museum and Victoria and Albert Museum combined to buy for the nation the world-famous Eumorfopoulos collection of Oriental art. Mr. George Eumorfopoulos is a British-born member of the Greek merchant firm of Ralli Brothers. He is seventy-one, and has been collecting for some thirty years.



SIR ALFRED EWING DEAD; WAR-TIME ADMIRALTY DECODING EXPERT.

Sir Alfred Ewing, when Professor of Mechanism and Applied Mechanics at Cambridge, was appointed Director of Naval Education in 1903. At the outbreak of war he undertook the task of decoding enemy ciphers; work which was carried out in "Room 40" at the Admiralty and was of the utmost "Intelligence" value.



MR. CECIL ALDIN DEAD: THE FAMOUS PAINTER OF DOGS, HORSES, AND SPORTING SUBJECTS; WITH SOME OF HIS MODELS.

Mr. Cecil Aldin, the distinguished artist who specialised in animal and sporting subjects, died on January 6; aged sixty-four. Much of his best work has appeared in "The Illustrated London News" and our sister-paper, "The Sketch." Hunting was one of his greatest interests, and he had hunted his own packs of harriers, beagles, the South Berkshire foxhounds, and a pack of Basset-hounds. His works included illustrations to "Pickwick" and "Handley Cross."



MR. HORE-BELISHA SEES MR. EDDIE CANTOR: A MEETING WHICH RESULTED FROM MR. CANTOR'S BROADCAST REFERENCE TO THE PROBLEM OF ROAD DEATHS.

Mr. Hore-Belisha and Mr. Eddie Cantor, the American comedian, had a talk at the Ministry of Transport on January 7. Mr. Cantor said he had suggested to the Minister that the insurance companies ought to co-operate in advertising the highway code and anything that would bring safety on the road. He highly praised the silence zones. "I think the hit-and-run driver is the real Dillinger," said Mr. Cantor. "They are truly public enemies."

By Vermeer or by Sweerts? A Problem for Art Experts to Solve.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER, C. A. BOUGHTON KNIGHT, ESQ., WHO LENT IT TO THE COMMEMORATIVE EXHIBITION OF THE ART TREASURES OF THE MIDLANDS, HELD RECENTLY IN THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM ART GALLERY. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"HEAD OF A GIRL": A BEAUTIFUL PAINTING NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, ATTRIBUTED TO VERMEER, AS WHOSE WORK IT WAS EXHIBITED WHEN IT WAS SHOWN IN PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME IN BIRMINGHAM.

Exceptional interest was shown in this picture when it was exhibited in the recent Commemorative Exhibition of the Art Treasures of the Midlands held by the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery, for it was then shown in public for the first time and was for the first time hung as a Vermeer. It was catalogued as follows: "Vermeer (Jan), of Delft, 1632-1675. 'Head of a Girl.' Bust to L., head turned full-face. In grey dress, white head-dress. Oil on canvas, 17 by 14½. Lent by C. A. Boughton Knight, Esq." Mr. Payne Knight bought it about 1800 and it has been in the family ever since. The attribution in question is that of Mr. S. C. Kaines Smith, who has been Director of the Birmingham Museum and

Art Gallery since 1927, and is also well-known as a lecturer on art. As was to be expected, it has been challenged. "The Burlington Magazine," for example, states that the picture is more likely to be by Michael Sweerts and compares it to a portrait by that artist which is at Stuttgart. Dr. H. Schneider, Director of the Dutch Institute for the History of Art at the Hague, supports that view. Michael Sweerts, it should be added, was born in Amsterdam about 1615 or 1620, and died after 1656. A "Family Group" by him is in the National Gallery, and it is noteworthy that it was formerly ascribed to Vermeer. Vermeer is represented in the Gallery by "Lady Standing at the Virginals" and "Lady Seated at the Virginals."

THE "CHAMPAGNE-BOTTLE" NECK: BRASS-COLLARED PADAUNG WOMEN.



A TYPE FROM THE HILL TRIBES OF BURMA: A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD BOY OF KARENNI—OF MARKEDLY MONGOLIAN ASPECT.



THE MOST GROTESQUE OF FEMININE ADORNMENTS—NOW TO BE SEEN AT THE OLYMPIA CIRCUS: A PADAUNG WOMAN WHOSE NECK IS ELONGATED WITH BRASS COILS AFTER THE FASHION OF HER TRIBE.



THE CERVICAL VERTEBRÆ DISTORTED AND ELONGATED BY SIXTEEN THICK BRASS COILS: A PADAUNG WOMAN WEARING ALSO A SPIKED HEAD-DRESS AND LONG EAR-RINGS.

These water-colour drawings, by Captain T. Reginald Livesey, F.R.G.S., illustrate one of the most grotesque and peculiar human fashions in the world. The Padaung women of Karenni, in Upper Burma, wear round their necks solid brass coils amounting to nearly thirteen pounds in weight. The coils are added one by one as the girl grows up, gradually distorting and elongating the cervical vertebræ; until finally there may be over twenty such coils, each about one-third of an inch in diameter, giving the effect of the neck of a champagne bottle.



MORE THAN TWELVE POUNDS OF BRASS WORN IN COILS ROUND THE NECK: THE CHAMPAGNE-BOTTLE EFFECT OF THE FASHION PECULIAR TO THIS KAREN HILL TRIBE OF BURMA.

The necklets are worn for life and the woman is buried in them. More coils are worn round the legs and ankles, so that a Padaung woman may be carrying as ornaments over twenty pounds of brass. Quoting from the "Times of India Illustrated Weekly," we said, in our issue of August 20, 1927: "The origin of the custom is obscure. Probably it is due to an extravagant desire for decoration, but possibly the idea is to retain the women within the tribe." Three Padaung women adorned in this way are to be seen at the Olympia Circus.

FROM THE WATER-COLOURS BY CAPTAIN T. REGINALD LIVESEY, F.R.G.S., M.B.O.U.

THE INVIOLE SANCTUARY OF THE "BLESSED GODDESS": EXPLORING THE NANDA DEVI BASIN; AND THE GANGES HEADWATERS.

By Mr. E. E. SHIPTON, Leader of an Exploratory Expedition in 1934.
(See also Pages 50 and 51.)

THE problem of reaching the foot of the great peak of Nanda Devi has interested Himalayan explorers for over half a century. There are no political barriers to prevent any expedition visiting its neighbourhood, as is the case with Everest and so many other parts of Central Asia. It is the highest mountain in the British Empire. And yet, though many expeditions had made the attempt, until this year no one had succeeded in reaching the glaciers which surround the feet of the "Blessed Goddess." The main difficulty lay in the fact that the peak is encircled by a vast amphitheatre of mountains which must be unique.

It is hard for anyone who has not studied the phenomenon at close quarters, to form an adequate conception of this gigantic crater, in places over 23,000 feet high, enclosing a bit of country, itself not above the limits of dwarf trees, out of whose centre there rises a stupendous peak, 25,600 feet in height. The interior of this circle had never been trodden by the foot of man, and the base of Nanda Devi never visited. The water rising from the great glacier system of Nanda Devi, some 250 square miles in extent, flows to the west through a narrow gorge known as the Rishi Ganga. This forms the one break in this huge amphitheatre. One would naturally suppose that the best line of attack would lie here, but the extraordinary difficulties of the gorge are such that, since Dr. Longstaff's attempt to force a route up it in 1907, all aspirants to reach the foot of Nanda Devi have attacked the mighty walls of the crater itself. Also, the gorge is said to be the abode of demons, and the natives are extremely reluctant to set foot in it, thus making the transport problem an exceptionally difficult one.

Last year I had the opportunity of taking an expedition to the Himalaya, whose main object was to force an entrance into the Nanda Devi "basin," as it has come to be called,

still deep on the lower passes, and a track had to be flogged through snow up to our waists. Eight of the locals deserted, but the remainder stuck by us, and did some very fine work.

At the farthest point reached by Graham in 1883, and by Dr. Longstaff and General Bruce in 1907, we established a base camp. From here we sent the locals back. Only three miles separated us from our goal, the hitherto inviolate sanctuary of the Nanda Devi Basin. But it took us ten days to get through. We were in what must be one of the most fantastic gorges in the world. The cliffs rise almost sheer out of the river-bed, to form peaks of 20,000 odd feet. No conception of Gustave Doré would appear exaggerated beside the walls and turrets of that amazing cañon. After an exhaustive search for a way across those gaunt cliffs, we succeeded at last in establishing a camp in the Basin with enough food to last us for some three weeks. (We had left dumps of food at intervals down the Rishi against our return.)

It would be difficult to give an adequate account of the loveliness of the country in which we found ourselves. Beauty of the wild, riotous kind such as one usually finds in high mountain regions we had expected; but we found, as well, luxuriant pastures, brilliant with wild flowers, and lakes, on whose deep blue and green surfaces were reflected the crests of the icy peaks; birds of great variety

and brilliant colour, and large herds of tar and bharal, which were so tame, and regarded these strange new visitors with such curiosity, that I was almost glad we had not brought a rifle with which to supply ourselves with food. And all about us was mountain architecture, more magnificent even than that on the south side of Everest.

We decided to concentrate our time on the northern section of the Basin, and return to explore the southern section after the monsoon had left those parts. It was a wonderful three weeks, but strenuous. Camps were established in each of the valleys in turn. From these we were able to explore and map the outer and more intricate parts of the Basin. We were also keen to find a way out of the Basin to the north. In this we failed absolutely, and are fairly satisfied that no practicable way



A "GLACIER TABLE": A PECULIAR NATURAL FORMATION COMMON ON HIMALAYAN GLACIERS.

This kind of "glacier table" is formed by a slab of rock falling on to the glacier and protecting the ice on which it has fallen from the rays of the sun.

exists. We succeeded in reaching the outer "rim" at three places, each over 20,000 feet in height. From these points we looked over a vast tangle of unnamed peaks to the borders of Nepal. One 20,000-foot peak was climbed, and we failed twice to get up another of 23,000 feet.

On June 20 we observed a marked increase in the rate of melting of the surface ice of the glaciers, and we became somewhat alarmed about the state of the rivers below. On June 24 the monsoon broke. This surprised us, as we had not expected it for at least another two weeks. However, it coincided almost exactly with the exhaustion of our food supply, and we could not complain. Our fears regarding the state of the rivers were well founded. Our bridges had been swept away, which delayed us, and a long series of forced marches in heavy rain had to be made down the Rishi Ganga against the exhaustion of our meagre food-dumps.

From Joshimath we journeyed to Badrinath, reaching the Holy City on July 11. We went up the Alaknanda Valley to the head of the Bhagat Karak glacier, and for three weeks we worked north along the watershed, crossing a series of passes between 18,000 and 20,000 feet high. After this, though time was getting on, we were anxious to explore the Satopanth glacier system, and, if possible, force a pass over to Kedarnath, as Hindu literature is full of legends concerning that part of the watershed. We found our way to the crest of a gap in the range, and pitched our camp there in heavily falling snow. Moving down to the other side, we got on to a steep and badly crevassed glacier, down which we worried our way for two days. The last 2000 feet of the glacier looked so bad that Tilman and I almost decided to give it up. But the Sherpas would not admit defeat, and it was due to them that we found a way down, though in places we had to lower our loads and ourselves with 180 feet of climbing-rope.

This landed us in bad jungle, through which it was heavy work to cut a track. We now struck really bad weather, and all our kit got waterlogged, which made the loads heavier. Passang, too, broke a small bone in his foot, which put him out of action for any work. Our food ran short a week before we reached the first habitation, but we found a good supply of bamboo shoots and tree-mushrooms on which to live. We were not sorry when we reached the temple of Okhimath, where we received warm hospitality and dry blankets. On our return up the Rishi, we found that the rains had been very heavy, and had caused innumerable landslips.

We had only a short time for the exploration of the southern section of the Basin, but we were helped by perfect weather, and were able to get through a lot. We were keen, too, to try and find a practicable route up the grim precipices of Nanda Devi itself. We reached a height of 21,000 feet on its southern ridge, and were able to work out with the eye what I think will prove to be a route to the summit.

We then came to the final *bonne bouche* of the expedition, when we succeeded in crossing a 19,000-foot gap in the southern wall of the Basin, by which Mr. Hugh Rutledge had tried to get into the Basin in 1932. Then followed the marches back over the wooded foot-hills, whose ravishing beauty will leave an indelible memory. Behind us, floating in the upper air, were the peaks we had just left. So ended, at Ranikhet, five crowded months amongst some of the most glorious mountains of the world.



THE SOURCE OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST RIVERS: THE BIRTH OF THE MAIN STREAM OF THE GANGES, IN THE NORTHERN PART OF GARHWAL.

This photograph was taken by Mr. Shipton's expedition at Gahmuk, the snout of the Gangotri glacier, which is the greatest ice-stream of the central Himalaya.

and to make a preliminary exploration of it. On Dr. Longstaff's advice, I decided to make the attempt once more by way of the Rishi Ganga. To the north of this district, in the range from which the River Ganges derives its water, there are great tracts of unexplored country, and many geographical problems awaiting solution. Chief among these was the exploration of the high watershed which separates the three sources of the Ganges from one another, and the finding of passes across the range which would connect up the great glaciers which supply their sacred waters. Though our chief concern this year lay in the Nanda Devi Basin, it was decided that the expedition should devote the monsoon period, when heavy rain and snow would make work so far south impossible, to an attempt to make a complete crossing of the Range and to trace the mysterious watershed as far as time and weather permitted.

The expedition consisted of H. W. Tilman and myself, and Passang, Angtharkay and Kusang Namji, three Sherpas who greatly distinguished themselves on Everest in 1933. We left Ranikhet, in the United Provinces, early in May, and marched north over the foot-hills to Joshimath, which place we chose as our main base. From here, with local men to assist with the transport of supplies in the early stages, we reached the mouth of the Rishi Ganga in two marches. Snow was

tricate parts of the Basin. We were also keen to find a way out of the Basin to the north. In this we failed absolutely, and are fairly satisfied that no practicable way



MR. SHIPTON'S PARTY—TWO ENGLISHMEN, AND THREE SHERPA PORTERS WHO GREATLY DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES ON EVEREST IN 1933: ANGTARKAY, MR. E. E. SHIPTON, PASSANG, MR. H. W. TILMAN, AND KUSANG NAMJI (LEFT TO RIGHT).

In the summer of 1934, this party accomplished, in the words of Mr. Hugh Rutledge (the leader of the Everest expedition of 1933), "one of the finest exploits of mountain exploration ever performed." Numbers were reduced to a minimum: "the secret of successful exploration in the Himalaya." Further photographs are given overleaf.

THE SANCTUARY OF THE "BLESSSED" NANDA DEVI ENTERED: ONE OF THE FINEST EXPLOITS OF MOUNTAIN EXPLORATION EVER PERFORMED.



NANDA DEVI, OR THE "BLESSSED GODDESS," FROM THE NORTH: THE 25,660-FOOT PEAK, THE HIGHEST IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE, WITH SOME OF THE GLACIER REGION OF ITS SURROUNDING BASIN, NEVER ENTERED BY MAN UNTIL IT WAS EXPLORED AND MAPPED BY MR. SHIPTON'S PARTY IN 1934.



NANDA CHUNTI SEEN FROM NEAR THE KHARI PASS ON THE MARCH TO RISHI GANGA: ONE OF THE MANY MAGNIFICENT PEAKS IN THE HIGH COUNTRY OF GARHWAL.



DIFFICULT ICE WORK ON THE SONADHUNGA COL: A DESCENT OVER THE SOUTHERN "RIM" OF NANDA DEVI'S SURROUNDING AMPHITHEATRE—A "MASTERPIECE OF ICE-CRAFT."

Mr. E. E. Shipton's article on the preceding page describes some of the results of his Himalayan expedition of last summer. The approaches to Nanda Devi, the highest mountain situated entirely within British territory, were explored with the most brilliant success. This "Blessed Goddess," as Nanda Devi is called by the Garhwali, is surrounded by a seventy-mile ring of high mountains, which form a "rim" to an amphitheatre, or basin, within. From the midst of the basin, which,



AN UNNAMED PEAK IN THE REGION ROUND NANDA DEVI, NEVER BEFORE EXPLORED: SPECTACULAR MOUNTAIN SCENERY OF THE HITHERTO INVIOLENT SANCTUARY OF THE BASIN.

In spite of numerous attempts, had never before been entered by man, rises the towering block of Nanda Devi, 25,660 feet high. The expedition entered, explored and mapped the basin, and climbed several peaks of the "rim" which were over 20,000 feet high. It also did most valuable and arduous work further to the north-west in the high watershed which separates the three sources of the Ganges from one another. In a recent letter to "The Times," Mr. Hugh Rutledge, leader of

See also Mr. E. E. Shipton's



THE GRANDEUR OF THE HIMALAYAN LANDSCAPE: THE TWIN PEAKS OF NANDA DEVI FROM THE NORTH.



THE GREAT NORTH WALL OF NANDA DEVI; WITH THE LOWER PART OF THE MAIN BLOCK ON THE RIGHT: ONE OF THE MOST GIGANTIC MOUNTAIN FACES IN THE WORLD, STANDING 8000 FEET ABOVE THE GLACIER—A MOUNTAIN PARTLY SCALED FOR THE FIRST TIME BY MR. SHIPTON'S EXPEDITION.

the Everest expedition of 1933, wrote of Mr. Shipton's attack on Nanda Devi: "The chosen line of approach was the Rishi Ganga gorge. . . In June the little party of two Englishmen and three Sherpas forced their way across the tremendous precipices of the gorge along traverses which were connected by the smallest and most fragile of links, and emerged triumphantly at the source of the river. They explored the northern glacier basin of Nanda Devi and hurriedly retreated by the

way they had come, lest the first burst of the monsoon should cut them off. . . The main strength of the monsoon being exhausted, they returned up the Rishi Ganga, mapped the southern basin of Nanda Devi, climbed a considerable distance up the peak itself, discovered what is probably, at the proper season, a practicable way to the top, and finally, in September, escaped over the very difficult Sonadhunga Col, the descent of which on its southern side was a masterpiece of ice-craft."

ARTICLE ON PAGE 49.

THE FAMOUS EUMORFOPOULOS TREASURES GEMS FROM THE GREATEST COLLECTION OF ITS KIND,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY



CHINESE BRONZE
OF THE CHOU
DYNASTY
(1122-249 B.C.):
A WINE-JAR
(V), WITH SWING
HANDLE AND
COVER.
INSCRIBED
"MAY THE
DESCENDANTS
OF KENG
TREASURE THIS
SACRED VESSEL."
(HEIGHT, 14½ IN.)



CHINESE POTTERY OF THE SUNG DYNASTY (1280-1368 A.D.): A TALL, SLENDER
VASE OF YU CHOU WARE, WITH FOLIATE LIP AND FLOWER (? LILY) SPRAY,
IN BROWN ON CREAM GLAZE. (HEIGHT, 14½ IN.)

CHINESE BRONZE
OF THE CHOU
DYNASTY
(1122-249 B.C.):
A MAGNIFICENT
EXAMPLE OF
EARLY CHINESE
WORK—A WINE-
VESSEL (HSI
TRUN) WITH RAM
HEADS.
(HEIGHT, 17½ IN.)



EARLY CHINESE DECORATED METAL WORK OF THE CHOU DYNASTY (1122-249
B.C.): A BRONZE BEAKER (XU) ENCRUSTED WITH NODULES OF MALACHITE.
(HEIGHT, 13½ IN.)



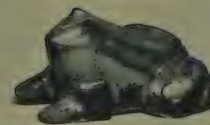
A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF EARLY CHINESE BRONZE WORK DATING FROM ABOUT 1000 B.C.:
A FOUR-HANDLED VESSEL (YU) WITH AN INSCRIPTION INSIDE DEDICATING IT TO THE MARQUIS
OF HSING. (HEIGHT, 7½ IN.)

It was recently announced that the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum had jointly arranged to purchase, on behalf of the nation, the famous collection of Chinese and Far-Eastern works of art formed by Mr. George Eumorfopoulos. This collection is not only pre-eminent in size, but is celebrated throughout the world for the quality and rarity of its examples. The official announcement states: "The total price is £100,000, which is admitted by competent experts to be far below the price which it

would fetch if put up to public auction. The owner is in effect making a considerable gift to the nation." From the reserves of the two Museums, and with liberal aid from the National Art-Collections Fund, Sir Percival David, and the Universities' China Committees, it was found possible to pay nearly half the amount within a few days, thus securing for early exhibition a corresponding proportion of the collection. Towards the remainder it is hoped that the public will contribute. Discussing the transaction, Mr. R. L.

BOUGHT FOR THE NATION FOR £100,000: ACQUIRED ON TERMS WHICH AMOUNT TO A GIFT.

OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



CHINESE METAL WORK: (LEFT) A GILT-BRONZE DUCK OF
THE T'ANG DYNASTY—618-906 A.D. (LENGTH, 3½ IN.);
(RIGHT) A GILT-BRONZE WEIGHT, FROG-SHAPED, OF THE
FOURTH CENTURY A.D. (LENGTH, 2½ IN.)



DATING FROM THE T'ANG DYNASTY (618-906 A.D.):
A SQUARE MIRROR OF SPECULUM METAL WITH OPENWORK
ORNAMENT IN GOLD PLATING. (LENGTH, 7½ IN.)



CHINESE JADE OF ABOUT THE THIRD CENTURY A.D.:
A CARVING IN GREEN JADE REPRESENTING
THE HEAD OF A HORSE. (HEIGHT, 7½ IN.)



A CHINESE VASE OF THE T'ANG DYNASTY (618-906 A.D.):
A POTICHE WITH CONICAL COVER AND DECORATED WITH
INCISED DESIGNS AND COLOURED GLAZES. (HEIGHT, 15½ IN.)



CHINESE BRONZE OF THE CHOU DYNASTY (1122-249 B.C.):
A CUP (YU) IN THE FORM OF AN OWL—AN EARLY EXAMPLE
OF EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST. (HEIGHT, 9½ IN.)



CHINESE ART OF TWO WHOLLY SEPARATED PERIODS: (LEFT) A GILT-BRONZE END OF A SWORD-HILT,
FIFTH CENTURY A.D. (LENGTH, 2 IN.); (RIGHT) A GREEN JADE CEREMONIAL AXE-HEAD, WITH BROWN
AND YELLOW PATINA, CHOU DYNASTY—1122-249 B.C. (LENGTH, 5½ IN.)



CHINESE POTTERY OF THE T'ANG DYNASTY (618-906 A.D.): A DISH (ON
THREE LEGS) WITH INCISED DESIGN IN GREEN, YELLOW, AND WHITE GLAZES
(DIAMETER, 14½ IN.)

Hobson, Keeper of Oriental Antiquities at the British Museum, said: "This is possibly the finest private collection of its kind. We have acquired it for £100,000, but it is more or less a gift at the price. Mr. Eumorfopoulos had intended eventually to present it to the nation, but circumstances arose which made it necessary for him to part with it. Had he put it up for competition, he would have been able to realise that sum several times over. The value might easily amount to half a million pounds. There are 1040

pieces of pottery alone, and I should estimate that, in all, the collection will consist of at least 3000 pieces. The bronze, pottery, and porcelain figures will be housed in the Buddhist Room until they have been catalogued and divided, but the sculptures will go direct to the Victoria and Albert Museum." We illustrate here examples now in the British Museum. Our readers will remember many coloured reproductions we have published at intervals from the sumptuous volumes of the Eumorfopoulos Collection Catalogue.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL."

WHEN the review of the World of the Kinema in 1934 was written for this page, I had not had an opportunity of seeing "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which is now packing the Leicester Square Theatre to capacity. Had I done so, this British picture, appearing, as it did, without fuss or fanfare, at the very end of the year, would have taken high pride of place, if not the topmost pinnacle, in my estimate of the noteworthy productions of a twelvemonth marked by the most substantial advance in technique and widening of vision that our studios have ever known.

Having said so much, it is, paradoxically perhaps, not altogether easy to explain exactly why "The Scarlet Pimpernel" is so good. It is true that it has a first-rate cast; that its camera-man, Mr. Harold Rosson, has an eye for light and shade, a power of investing flat surfaces with depth and contour, a bold way of using high-flung lines against wind-driven clouds that are little short of wizardry; and that Mr. Harold Young, assuming the arduous responsibilities of direction for the first time, has crowned brilliant promise with brilliant achievement. Nevertheless, many films with most, if not all, of these qualifications of good acting, good photography, and good direction have yet failed to please critics and public alike. In some cases this has been because it was difficult to see the wood of the story for the self-conscious trees of technique; in others, because dramatic significance was so submerged by grandiose spectacle that what the eye saw the heart did not grieve over. Mr. Young makes neither of these

to name, though all are excellent, Mr. Ernest Milton's restless, nerve-racked Robespierre stands out in sharp relief.

And so "that damned elusive Pimpernel" comes into his own, with flying colours, in a British film. Not the



THE SCREEN VERSION OF "THE GAY DIVORCE," AT THE CARLTON: GINGER ROGERS AND FRED ASTAIRE IN ONE OF THEIR BRILLIANT DANCING TURNS.

most fanatic admirers of his printed adventures could complain that he has been hurt or bowdlerised; not the most ardent lover of his stage incarnations could deny his present charm, his sensitive humour, his gay humanity. And whether you meet him now for the first time, or journey to Leicester Square (as undoubtedly you must) to renew acquaintance with an old friend, you will find this romantic melodrama of the French Revolution infinitely more satisfactory as entertainment than many a more spectacular or more intellectually pretentious picture.

THE DICKENS CYCLE.

It is one thing to bring a colourful and popular novel such as "The Scarlet Pimpernel" to the screen, and quite another to tackle the classics of literature. The Dickens Cycle, embarked upon on both sides of the Atlantic, is fraught with difficulties that are not easily overcome, and, to judge by recent reports, the reception of "Great Expectations" (which formed the vanguard of the Dickens invasion) does not appear to have been so overwhelmingly enthusiastic in America as to establish the popularity of Dickensian drama beyond all doubt. Yet the immortal stories abound in dramatic situations.

They are rich in pictorial possibilities, as the readers of *The Illustrated London News* were able to judge for themselves in the issue of Dec. 29. Charles Dickens had the power to engrave each of his characters indelibly on the minds of his readers. His portrait-gallery is firmly established, and any change in this gathering of the grotesque, the malignant, the noble, and the pathetic—any change either physical or mental—spells danger.

Here, then, is an initial difficulty, perhaps the basic weakness, in any modern picture built up on Dickensian foundations. Between the covers of the books, these vivid creations of an imaginative mind move in the atmosphere of their own period, an atmosphere into which the reader is absorbed by the wealth of descriptive detail, in which one gradually becomes immersed and ready to accept ethical, sentimental, and individual values that are no longer ours. Values, moreover, to which Dickens gave his own personal edge of excitement. It seems to me no light task to preserve this quality of excitement, and yet to avoid an exaggeration of type that, to our present outlook, verges perilously on caricature. Coaching inns and coffee-rooms, crinolines and antimacassars, all the paraphernalia of period settings which must perforce take up the duties of the written word in the reconstruction of a bygone period, do their best to conjure up the Dickens spirit, and are certainly pictorially pleasant. But the



"IT'S A GIFT," THE SCREEN FARCE RECENTLY SEEN AT THE PLAZA: W. C. FIELDS, THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN, AS THE STORES MANAGER WHO IS SOLD A DUD RANCH.

mistakes. With a most workmanlike scenario as foundation, and ably aided and abetted by the majority of his company, he proceeds to the job in hand—the telling of a straightforward, melodramatic, picturesque story in a melodramatic, picturesque way. There is no straining after effect, pictorial or histrionic.

And how exciting is the swift passage of the action, with its simple objective—the rescuing of French aristocrats from the shadow of the guillotine! Here are all the thrills of first acquaintance with Baroness Orczy's pages, read furtively by the light of a purloined candle, made visible and audible. And through it all moves the charming, humorous, deceptively foppish, quietly heroic figure of Sir Percy Blakeney, in the person of Mr. Leslie Howard. A fine creation this, with its subtle suggestion of emotional undercurrents, delicate and strong, and made at moments into something of real beauty by the actor's flexible control of words and syllables. It is very rare to find real character rather than mere type portrayed in a part of this sort. Yet this is what Mr. Howard gives us—a vivid individuality, alive and memorable. Mr. Raymond Massey's Chauvelin is a more typical villain of the screen, a single-minded dastard, yet not altogether without his subtleties—a sinister, dark foil to Mr. Howard's quicksilver, as well as to Mr. Nigel Bruce's cheerful, human Regent, another fine achievement in personality. Miss Merle Oberon is no less successful as Lady Blakeney, whose portrait she presents to us with all the clear-cut outlines of a reflection seen on the surface of an unruffled pond. Among the rest of a company too numerous



"REKA," THE DELIGHTFUL SCREEN IDYLL OF BOHEMIA, AT THE ACADEMY: THE BOY AND GIRL HERO AND HEROINE IN THE GYPSY ENCAMPMENT.

"Reka" is an idyll of youth and simple peasant life, with remarkable performances by a young girl and boy who have never before appeared on the screen. The thrill of the story is the capture of a gigantic pike by the boy.

problem of presenting the familiar characters has not yet been completely solved.

Mr. Stuart Walker, who directed the American picture, "Great Expectations," softened the outlines of the protagonists to some extent, in an endeavour to attune them to the even flow of an up-to-date production. Mr. Henry

Hull's sound study of the convict Magwitch, to whom the humble boy, Pip, owed his fortune and his rise to gentility, lent strength to a polite and polished dramatisation of the book, and pictorially the picture deserved full marks. Mr. Thomas Bentley, himself an authority on and a devoted student of the works of Dickens, evokes—often charmingly—memories of old-fashioned melodrama in his treatment of "The Old Curiosity Shop" (of which I saw a private showing), shirking neither the ultra-grotesque nor the over-sentimental. He lingers lovingly over the death of Little Nell, he allows full latitude to the acrobatic antics of the fiendish Quilp, and Grandfather dithers deliberately on his senile way. Both he and Mr. Walker have dealt reverently and carefully with their subjects, and both have seen to it that no jarring note shall disturb our meeting with old friends. For that, one must be duly grateful. But if the meeting has been serene, it has also been unmoved. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Stuart Walker's "Edwin Drood," the last and uncompleted novel of Charles Dickens, or Mr. George Cukor's "David Copperfield," two pictures marshalling strong companies of British and American stars into the field, can capture the dramatic impact of modern drama whilst faithfully preserving the fine, full flavour of the Dickensian formula.



"THE PAINTED VEIL," THE SCREEN VERSION OF SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S FAMOUS NOVEL OF CHINA, AT THE EMPIRE: GRETA GARBO AS KATRIN, AND HERBERT MARSHALL AS FANE.

In "The Painted Veil," it may be recalled, Katrin, an Austrian girl, marries Walter Fane, an English doctor, without experiencing love. She accompanies him when he returns to China, and his neglect of her causes her to become intimate with Jack Townsend, a young American.

**"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL" AS A "TALKIE"—
WITH LESLIE HOWARD AND MERLE OBERON AS THE BLAKENEYS.**



BARONESS ORCZY'S FAMOUS PLAY AND NOVEL, "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL," AS RENDERED IN THE NEW BRITISH FILM: A SCENE AT THE GUILLOTINE; WITH THE EXECUTIONER SHOWING THE HEAD OF AN EXECUTED ARISTOCRAT.



SIR PERCY BLAKENEY—IN PARIS: THE "SCARLET PIMPERNEL" (LESLIE HOWARD), DISGUISED AS A PIPE-SMOKING OLD HAG, AMONG THE WOMEN ROUND THE GUILLOTINE.



"THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE": NIGEL BRUCE AS THE PRINCE REGENT, WHO COUNTS SIR PERCY BLAKENEY AMONG HIS FRIENDS.



A REALISTIC SCENE OF PARIS DURING THE REVOLUTION: A MOB FORMING IN THE STREET; IN "THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL."



SIR PERCY BLAKENEY—IN LONDON: LADY BLAKENEY (MERLE OBERON) WITH HER HUSBAND, UNAWARE THAT HE IS IN REALITY THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

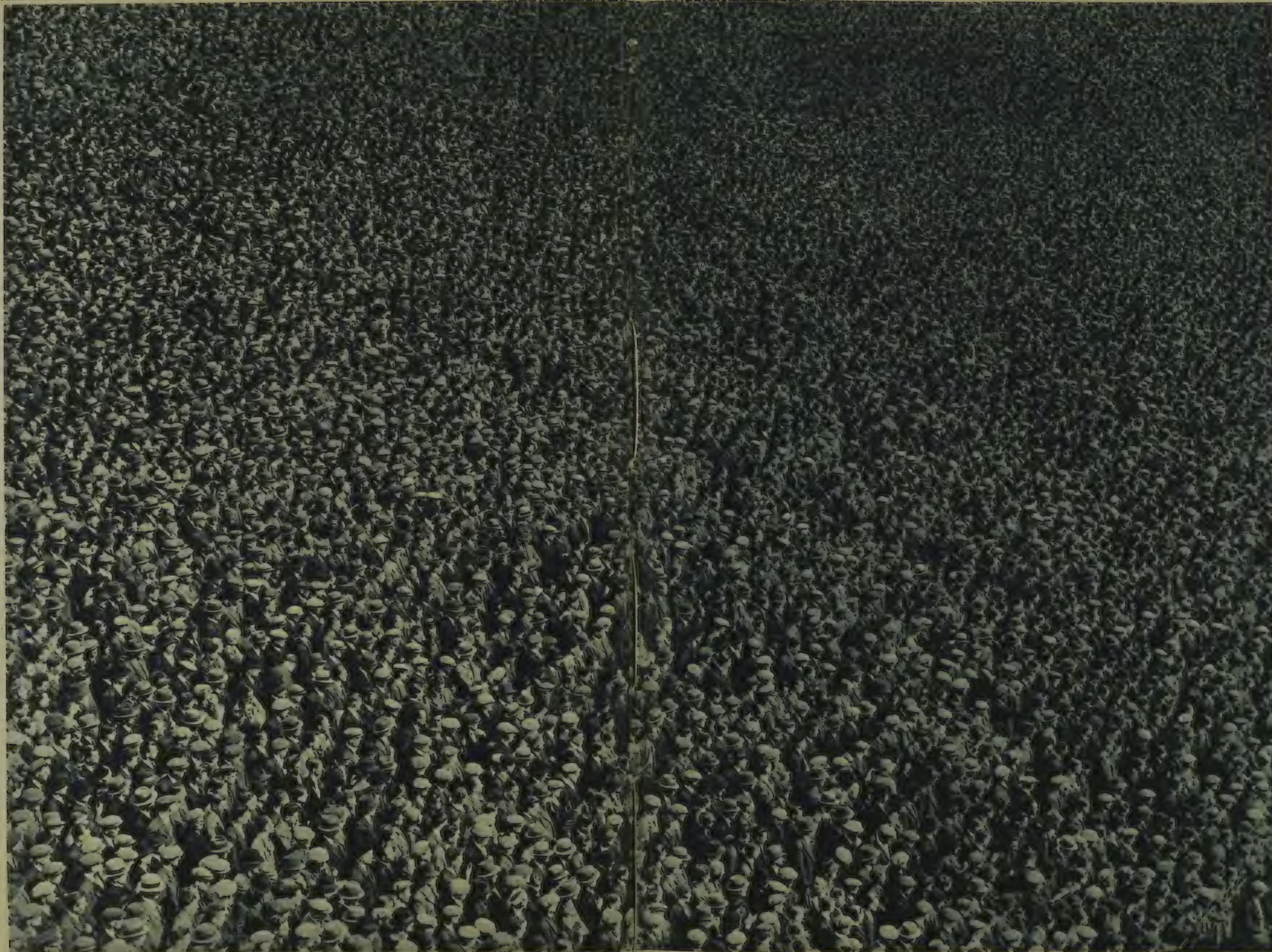


CHAUVELIN (RAYMOND MASSEY), THE ENEMY OF THE PIMPERNEL, IN LONDON IN DISGUISE; AND HERE SEEN WITH LADY BLAKENEY, FROM WHOM HE SEEKS TO FORCE THE NAME OF THE PIMPERNEL.



THE VILLAIN AND THE HERO FACE TO FACE: RAYMOND MASSEY AS CHAUVELIN, "THE BUTCHER"; AND LESLIE HOWARD AS SIR PERCY BLAKENEY, ALIAS THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

"THE Scarlet Pimpernel," now showing to packed houses at the Leicester Square Theatre, is one of the most successful British films yet produced. Leslie Howard plays the part of Sir Percy Blakeney, who in London is a dandy, wit, and friend of the Prince Regent; but in Paris is the Scarlet Pimpernel, saviour of the persecuted aristocrats and leader of a band of fearless Englishmen bent on outwitting the blood-thirsty Republican leaders. This double life gives the opportunity for some ingenious make-ups. Merle Oberon is Lady Blakeney, his wife. Her brother works with the Pimpernel; and Chauvelin, emissary of the Republic, who comes to England as the Marquis of Chastigard, intent on unmasking the Scarlet Pimpernel, threatens to kill her brother unless she will disclose the Pimpernel's identity. Walter Rilla plays the part of Lady Blakeney's brother; and, as Robespierre, Ernest Milton makes his first screen appearance. An appreciation of the film will be found on the opposite page.



THE SCOURGE OF HUMAN FOLLY.

A CROWD PHOTOGRAPH OF 7250 PERSONS—HERE PUBLISHED TO INDICATE WHAT 1934'S FATAL ROAD ACCIDENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN MEAN IN LOSS OF LIFE.

The list of deaths and injuries on our roads remains appalling. The crowd we show symbolises the killed; injured would be symbolised by a crowd over thirty-one times as large. It is the custom to blame motorists for the majority

of the casualties, but, in view of the perfection of modern steering gears and brakes, indeed, of the mechanism of motor-propelled vehicles as a whole, it is evident that most of the accidents result from the failure of the human

element in road-users of all kinds, rather than from faults of mechanism. If matters are to right themselves, there must be give and take on both sides—a genuine endeavour to act unselfishly for the good of the community.

As we go to press, the figures for British roads in the year 1934, as estimated by the Ministry of Transport, are: 7250 killed; 229,000 injured. These figures concern all types of vehicles; not mechanical vehicles alone.

A POSSIBLE SOLUTION OF THE ROAD-DEATH PROBLEM IN GREAT CITIES?—NEW YORK'S ELEVATED MOTOR HIGHWAYS.



A BROAD HIGHWAY IN THE AIR FOR SPEEDY MOTOR TRAFFIC ONLY: AN ELEVATED ROAD CROSSING A NEW YORK STREET—ONE OF MANY SUCH NEW ROADS, FORMING SUPPLEMENTARY APPROACHES TO BRIDGES, CARRIED OVER NEIGHBOURING THOROUGHFARES.



HOW THE PROBLEM OF MOTORING THROUGH DISTRICTS SUCH AS JERSEY CITY WAS SOLVED: A SECTION OF THE GREAT ELEVATED MOTOR HIGHWAY LEADING SOUTHWARD FROM NEW YORK TOWARDS PHILADELPHIA AND WASHINGTON.



ANOTHER PART OF THE GREAT ELEVATED MOTOR HIGHWAY (SHOWN ALSO IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION) PASSING THROUGH JERSEY CITY ON THE WAY FROM NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA AND WASHINGTON: A VIEW SHOWING THE RAISED CENTRAL DIVISION BETWEEN OPPOSITE LINES OF TRAFFIC, AND THE ABSENCE OF "SIDE-WALKS" FOR PEDESTRIANS.



A HIGH-LEVEL ROAD (WITHOUT PEDESTRIANS) THAT ELIMINATED TRAFFIC CONGESTION AT THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK: A 4-CAR RAMP CROSSING 42ND STREET.

In view of our appalling road casualties (pictorially symbolised on another double-page), every possible solution of the traffic problem is being considered. That of high-level roads for fast car traffic only, adopted in New York (as illustrated above), has been suggested for various countries. The death-toll of the American roads is even worse than our own. Mr. Eddie Cantor, broadcasting in London recently, mentioned



A JUNCTION AFFORDING CHOICE OF MANY HIGHWAYS, AT A POINT WHERE STILL MORE ARE PLANNED: PART OF A HUGE STRUCTURE CARRYING A HIGH-LEVEL MOTOR ROAD.

that in the United States two people were injured every minute and one killed every eighteen minutes, whereas the average for Great Britain, in the two weeks before Christmas, was one killed every hour. A note on the above photographs states: "Forty-second Street, in front of the Grand Central Station, New York, was formerly a death-trap. Now a wide four-car ramp leads up through Park Avenue and crosses



AN APPROACH TO THE GREAT NEW JERSEY VIADUCT WHICH LEADS FOR MILES OVER MARSHES AND RIVERSIDE TOWNSHIPS: PART OF NEW YORK'S IMMENSE SYSTEM OF ELEVATED MOTOR HIGHWAYS WHICH FACILITATE THE FLOW OF CAR TRAFFIC AND MAKE IT POSSIBLE TO TRAVEL QUICKLY TO NEW JERSEY RESORTS, OR TO PHILADELPHIA AND WASHINGTON.

Forty-second Street at a good height, then divides and circles the great station at the second-floor level. A gradual inclined plane brings them again to upper Park Avenue, where they can speed northward. Broad roadways lead to all bridges. The mightiest project has been the express highway over the streets by the docks. Over this business men can speed home, undisturbed by traffic in narrow streets below.

To reach New Jersey resorts and popular beaches, new roads have been constructed. By elevated roads over New Jersey marshes and river towns, the traveller can quickly reach Philadelphia or Washington. Numerous viaducts and bridges carry new roads to northern New Jersey and the great pleasure parks." As our photographs show, these roads are for cars only, and the absence of pedestrians reduces casualties.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"EARLY VICTORIAN ENGLAND": Edited by G. M. YOUNG.*

(PUBLISHED BY THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.)

WE are very much impressed by our own troubles to-day; but our grandfathers were confronted by problems no less daunting. Mr. G. M. Young, in his brilliant epilogue ("Portrait of an Age") to these two fascinating volumes, well describes the prelude to the Victorian era. "A man born in 1810, in time to have seen the rejoicings after Waterloo . . . to remember the crowds cheering for Queen Caroline, and to have felt that the light had gone out of the world when Byron died, entered manhood with the ground rocking under his feet as it had rocked in 1789. Paris had risen against the Bourbons; Bologna against the Pope; Poland against Russia; the Belgians against the Dutch. Even in well-drilled Germany little dynasts were shaking on their thrones, and Niebuhr, who had seen one world revolution, sickened and died from fear of another. At home, forty years of Tory domination were ended in panic and dismay; Ireland, unappeased by Catholic Emancipation, was smouldering with rebellion; from Kent to Dorset the skies were alight with burning ricks. A young man looking for some creed to steer by at such a time might, with the Utilitarians, hold by the laws of political economy, and the greatest happiness of the greatest number; he might simply believe in the Whigs, the Middle Classes, and the Reform Bill; or he might, with difficulty, still be a Tory."

For at least twenty years of Victoria's reign the fate of English society seemed to hang in the balance. It was long before the effects of the Napoleonic Wars spent themselves, and throughout the period covered by this work there were repeated and formidable economic crises. Society presented contrasts which humane men, however averse from violent change, could not regard with equanimity. In 1832 Greville wrote with despair of "the rotten foundations on which the whole fabric of this gorgeous society rests; for I call that rotten which exhibits thousands upon thousands of human beings reduced to the lowest stage of moral and physical degradation." Not only were industrial conditions highly insecure, but a good many of the disabilities of the poor were shared by them with all town-dwellers. Not only the poor, but the rich also, lived in conditions which are appalling to modern notions of hygiene,

of 1843) and two serious campaigns (the Crimean and the Indian Mutiny). It is not unfair to say that each one of them disclosed not only political ineptitudes, but grave weaknesses and abuses in the forces. The hardships of the

teenth century developed its strange and long-lived paradox—the existence of a passionate *laissez-faire* side by side with increasing "paternal" governance, which nowadays we call socialistic, though in 1840 respectable men would have shrunk in horror from the name. With Progress came Prosperity, palpably demonstrated not only by greater economic stability, but by the spectacular triumphs of the Machine. In 1842, the young Queen, with delighted approval, took her first railway journey; by the following year (writes Miss Mona Wilson) "the foundations of the present railway system were securely laid." Grote might deride his age as that of "Steam and Cant," but steam was doing marvels for British industry, and even Cant was, in its unlovely way, "making for righteousness"—to use the phrase of one of Cant's chief enemies.

On the whole, Progress and Prosperity could claim a remarkable achievement. The Great Exhibition of 1851 (excellently described by Mr. Mottram) was, in large measure, a monument to that achievement. Not until that year could England feel that she had at least perceived and made some attempt upon her most pressing internal problems. She had not, of course, solved them—she had not even become conscious of all of them—but at least she had shaken off sloth and had attained some measure of security in the present and of promise for the future. There was a flaw, which it is easy enough for us, at this distance of time, to detect, and perhaps to deride. Mr. Young is not too censorious when he observes that the Early Victorian social philosophy "rested on two assumptions which experience showed to be untenable: that the production of wealth by the few meant, somehow, and in the long run, welfare for the many;

"MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ENGLISH" IN 1849: A RICHARD DOYLE CARICATURE OF THE ANNUAL ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

"The 'Manners and Customs of the English' was a burlesque diary of a nineteenth-century 'Pips' (Pepys), written by Percival Leigh and illustrated by Doyle, which appeared in 1849, collected from 'Punch.' Here Mr. Pips is seen visiting the Royal Academy in 1849, the year after the formation of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, when it first attracted great public attention.

soldier were exceeded only by the incompetence of his commanders and the callousness of the administration. The lot of the sailor, as described by Admiral Ballard, was not much better, though the administration was certainly superior.

Conflict and decision could not long be delayed, and in every sphere of life crucial issues were soon raised. Before the middle of the century, the battles of the Reform Bill, the Corn Laws, the Factory Acts, and the Chartist Movement had been fought. Under the influence of Bentham and his school, Parliament began to take thought for the immediate needs of the community. There began that process which the worthy Eliza Cook called sonorously "the gigantic struggle for intellectual elevation." Education was its hesitating handmaid, but the symbol of "popular enlightenment" was, or was thought to be, an emancipated Press, freed alike from censorship and from what Mr. Kellett calls "taxes on knowledge," in his admirable description of the growth of the nineteenth-century newspaper. Reluctantly, but steadily, the criminal law was reformed (though the process has never been carried far enough, even to this day). The horrors of the prisons were gradually mitigated. In the religious sphere, Evangelical doctrine on the one hand, and the Oxford Movement on the other, deeply stirred all England. Even the arts were not exempt from revolution. The Pre-Raphaelites challenged their generation, and ceaseless controversy surrounded the name of Ruskin. The theatre, though its estate was still low until Victoria (of all people!) began to give it respectability, made a great advance (as Professor Allardyce Nichol explains) by the extension of "legitimate" theatres; and though it was not rich in great artists, it had its Charles Kean, Phelps, and Macready. In literature, "the great Victorian lights" (writes Mr. Young) "rose into a sky which, but for the rapid blaze of Bulwer Lytton, was vacant. Tennyson and Macaulay, Carlyle and Newman, Gladstone and Disraeli, Arnold and Dickens, appear above the horizon together. . . . With the appearance of *Vanity Fair* in 1847, the constellation is complete and the stars are named. It was part of the felicity of the 'fifties to possess a literature which was at once topical, contemporary, and classic; to meet the Immortals in the streets, and to read them with added zest for the encounter." Architecture was prolific, if not inspired. Only music (which could boast no names but Field and Sterndale Bennett) showed no regeneration.

To the Philosophic Radicals, all this gave proof upon proof of the strength, the majesty, the inevitableness of Progress. With wisdom, forethought, and vigilance all things were possible. Despite every social discouragement, men could be made masters of their fates. "A man must be content," writes Mr. Kellett, "with the position to which God called him; but God's call was always to something higher; and he need not be content till he reached the highest. . . . With diligence, with thrift, with the chances of educating himself now so cheaply provided, to what could not a man of determination rise?" The old utilitarianism took on new forms, and the nine-

and that conventional behaviour grounded on a traditional creed was enough to satisfy all right demands of humanity." Those assumptions had to be challenged, even though their denial might mean the loss of much comfortable complacency, and even though the historian of a hundred years hence may say that we of to-day have not been very successful in finding satisfactory substitutes for them.

In these remarks, necessarily limited to a few aspects of a voluminous work, we have limited ourselves to some of the main currents of the period described. It should be added, however, that there is an immense amount of detail about things great and small, and we know of no work from which it is possible to obtain so intimate and so comprehensive an impression of the daily life of England a century ago. The contributors to a well-designed scheme have all discharged their tasks with spirit and with authority, and readers of every taste will find abundant matter of interest and entertainment in these substantial volumes. We have indicated some of the writers, and perhaps we



A COUNTRY HOUSE GROUP OF 1855 READING THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL; FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OWNED BY MRS. ARNOLD-FORSTER.

Reproductions by Courtesy of the Oxford University Press, Publishers of
"Early Victorian England: 1830-1865."

and disease worked unchecked havoc among them. Fever followed inevitably upon conditions of an unsanitariness beyond polite description; and several contributors to these volumes remind us that two brooding terrors hung over early Victorian society—the cholera and the rising of the mob (for which there was ample precedent abroad). Town life, writes Mr. Mottram, "was almost wholly unorganised: the physical basis of it was perilously unsound." It was the same in the intellectual sphere. Education was primitive, and "in 1837 40 per cent. of the men and 65 per cent. of the women were known to be illiterate." The disorders of society were completely beyond the control either of well-meant but ill-conceived charity, or of a ferocious criminal law. "Representative" government was a farce which was beginning to shock intelligence and conscience, and legislation had not yet begun to make itself responsible for social needs. Nor was this, as we are too apt to suppose, a time of unbroken peace. It is true that there was no serious foreign menace, but Sir John Fortescue reminds us that, between 1839 and 1867, England fought twelve little wars (excluding the "One Day War"

* "Early Victorian England: 1830-1865." Edited by G. M. Young. Two Vols. Illustrated. (Oxford University Press; London: Humphrey Milford; 42s.)



A COUNTRY HOUSE GROUP OF ABOUT 1860; FROM A PHOTOGRAPH POSSESSED BY MRS. ARNOLD-FORSTER.

should conclude by mentioning that Mr. J. H. Clapham writes on Work and Wages, Mrs. C. S. Peel on Homes and Habits, Mr. J. H. Clapham and Mr. M. H. Clapham on Life in the New Towns, Mr. Bernard Darwin on Country Life and Sport, Mr. Basil Lubbock on the Mercantile Marine, Mr. A. P. Oppé on Art, Mr. A. E. Richardson on Architecture, Mr. E. J. Dent on Music, Mr. E. Lascelles on Charity, and Mr. D. Woodruff on Expansion and Emigration.
 C. K. A.

DON QUIXOTE'S WINDMILLS?—CLASSIC TYPES OF RELICS BEFRIENDED HERE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE SPANISH MILITARY AIR FORCE.



ARE THESE THE ORIGINALS OF THE "GIANTS" AT WHOM THE KNIGHT OF THE RUEFUL COUNTENANCE TILTED?
OLD WINDMILLS ON THE CREST OF YEMENES, IN TOLEDO PROVINCE, FACING THE PLAIN OF LA MANCHA.

In view of the widespread interest in English windmills, as picturesque features of the landscape and romantic relics of bygone days, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings recently decided to form a separate group to promote their preservation. The windmill section of the Society, it was stated, would have a separate membership and subscription (5s. a year minimum), but would be closely associated with the parent body. The objects are to assist financially towards keeping mills in work, give technical advice on repair, stimulate public interest, and publish a complete survey of English windmills. Already the Society has helped to preserve many examples in various parts of the country. The remarkable air photograph reproduced above should make a strong appeal to all the friends of windmills, for it may be that those visible in it are the supreme "classics" of their kind—the immortal originals against which Don Quixote tilted. In a descriptive article written to accompany the photograph, a French writer says: "The traveller is shown on the modest 'mountain' of Campo de Criptana, not far from Toboso the immortal, about thirty windmills, which are supposed to have been the adversaries of the

Knight of the Rueful Countenance. But from Toboso or Argamasilla, the wanderings of Cervantes may have led him across the dismal region of la Mancha toward Consuegra or Toledo. . . . In this fine photograph taken by Spanish aviators, it is true, there are but six windmills, but we must reckon with the visual 'magnification' of Don Quixote, who saw in them at least 'thirty enormous giants' with whom he resolved to do battle. This explanation is quite as good as many others! Are these, then, the windmills which he attacked? . . . Rosinante and Sancho's donkey, coming from the plain, arrive before this unimposing hill, perhaps a rocky corner to the north of Yemenes. The sinking sun makes the windmills dazzling white—as bright as the reflection of armour. The windmills, rounded and whitewashed, form a clear-cut silhouette against the sky. There is a breeze, the sails move, their long shadows are pointed like dark lances, the wings turn quicker and seem to multiply. Then Don Quixote launches defiance, in his character as the redresser of wrongs, constantly tumbled to earth but ever unconquerable. 'E'en though you had more arms than the giant Briareus!' he cries, and spurs towards the foe."

A "SIGHT" IN THE GERMAN CITY THE DUKE THE PAGEANT OF ONE O'CLOCK: MECHANICAL "ACTORS"

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WATCHING THE MECHANICAL CLOCK OF MUNICH'S TOWN HALL: A DELIGHTED YOUNGSTER AMONG THE CROWD.



"LOOK AT THE PRETTY SOLDIERS!"—EXPLAINING THE VARIOUS PHASES OF THE MECHANICAL SPECTACLE IN THE MARIENPLATZ.



AN ENTHUSIAST WITH OPERA-GLASSES STUDYING THE DETAIL OF THE MEDIEVAL FIGURES IN THE PARADE.



THE CROWD ATTRACTED BY THE DAILY SPECTACLE PROVIDED BY THE RATHAUS CLOCK IN MUNICH: LOOKING DOWN ON THE MARIENPLATZ.



SOME OF THE ACTORS IN THE MECHANICAL PAGEANT WHICH MUNICH PROVIDES DAILY FOR CITIZENS AND VISITORS: A JESTER AND A HERALD.

NOT a few of our readers will have witnessed the spectacle we illustrate here; and probably, by this time, the Duke and Duchess of Kent will also have done so, for they arrived in Munich on January 6 and were expected to stay there for about a week. Their attention could scarcely fail to be called to the famous clock which was installed in the City's Town Hall in 1909, for it ranks beside that of Strasburg for interest and mechanical ingenuity. When one o'clock strikes (it used to be 11 o'clock) a mechanical pageant is enacted. There are heralds and trumpeters; and then two knights appear and joust, one of them being



THE JESTER CAPERING 200 FEET ABOVE THE CROWD IN THE MARIENPLATZ: ONE OF THE FIGURES WHICH MOVE ON A METAL DISC.



HOW THE RATHAUS PAGEANT WORKS: FIGURES IN A PROCESSION, MOUNTED ON CIRCULAR METAL PLATES, WHICH MOVE ACROSS THE "STAGE."



"THE CHIME TAKES PLACE AT 11 O'CLOCK SHARP"—IN THE UPPER GALLERY: A NOTICE TO PREVENT ENTHUSIASTS FROM ASSEMBLING AT 1 A.M.

AND DUCHESS OF KENT ARE NOW VISITING. OF THE MUNICH RATHAUS TIMEPIECE AND THE AUDIENCE.

DR. J. VON HEINRICH.



GIVING THEIR ENTERTAINMENT HIGH ABOVE THE ROOFS OF THE CITY: JESTERS; WITH THE TOWER OF THE OLD RATHAUS IN THE DISTANCE.



THE HERALD OPENS THE TOURNAMENT, IN WHICH TWO KNIGHTS ARE SEEN TO JOUST; BLOWING A FANFARE AMONG THE STEEPLES.



THE CROWD WATCHING THE CLOCK—WHICH VIES WITH THAT AT STRASBURG—STRIKE ONE: THE PAVEMENTS HIDDEN BY UPTURNED FACES.



ANOTHER TRUMPETER WHO ANNOUNCES THE PASSING OF TIME: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM INSIDE THE TOWN HALL TOWER.



A PROCESSION WHICH MOVES ONE WAY ON A DISC; AND A MOUNTED KNIGHT READY TO GALLOP IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

unhorsed. There are also processions with jesters and a dance. There is another display in the evening, when two figures are set in motion and illuminated. A night watchman with horse and lantern, accompanied by his dog and blowing his horn, moves across; while a little child is seen with its guardian angel. All this takes place to the music of popular tunes, mechanically rendered. The forty-three bells of the famous chime were dedicated by Herr Rosipal, a Munich merchant, who thereby helped to draw people from all over the world to his native city to listen to the marvellous chime and watch the fascinating parade.



A SPECTATOR WHO FINDS THE MECHANICAL CHIMES SO ABSORBING THAT HE HAS LET HIS CIGAR GO OUT!



RAFT AMERICAN VISITORS, ATTRACTED BY THE FAMOUS CLOCK STRIKE ONE! EXPRESSIONS IN THE MARIENPLATZ.



A LADY WHO SHADES HER EYES, AND GAZES WITH PLEASURE AT THE "GAY LITTLE" PAGEANT.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: A ROYAL JOURNEY TO MUNICH; AND MATTERS OF ART INTEREST.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S FIRST JOURNEY BY AEROPLANE: H.R.H. ON HER WAY TO ENTER THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS' "HERACLES" AT CROYDON; EN ROUTE FOR MUNICH.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent left London on January 5 for Munich, to visit the Count and Countess Törring. The Countess Törring is the younger of the Duchess of Kent's sisters. Their Royal Highnesses flew from Croydon to Paris in the Imperial Airways liner "Heracles," and arrived at Munich in the Orient Express. A large crowd gathered in the station at Munich, and the Duke and Duchess were received by the British Consul-General, Mr. D. St. Clair Gainer, and the Vice-

[Continued opposite.]



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT LEAVING THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS' AIR-LINER AT LE BOURGET, AFTER A FLIGHT WHICH THE DUCHESS "ENJOYED VERY MUCH."

Consul. Their Royal Highnesses then drove to the Hôtel Continental, and later took luncheon at the town house of the Törring family. It was stated that they were expected to stay a week in Munich, where they were expected to see the "sights," including possibly, as we note on a double-page, the pageantry of the famous Rathaus clock; and also that they would make short visits to one or two of the country seats of the Törring family.



THE MOST ANCIENT STATUE EVER DISCOVERED IN ITALY: AN ARMED WARRIOR OF ABOUT THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.; FROM THE PROVINCE OF NAPLES.

Found by chance by a peasant working on the land at Capestrano, this life-size figure in calcareous stone represents a man in primitive armour. Straps across the shoulders, fastened to a belt, support a sword and dagger; small discs on the chest and back are the first indications of a cuirass; and an immense helmet resembles a Chinese head-gear. The workmanship is of an unknown type, and shows marked Oriental influence. The statue is the most ancient ever found in Italy.



A REMBRANDT PASSES FROM RUSSIA TO AN AMERICAN COLLECTOR: A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S SON, TITUS, ONCE OWNED BY CATHERINE THE GREAT.

This celebrated portrait, a rare example of Rembrandt's art, has recently been bought from the Wildenstein Galleries, New York, by an American collector, whose name has not been disclosed. The painting was once the property of the Empress Catherine the Great of Russia, and was for many years a notable art treasure of Russia in the Hermitage Museum. It is not known when it was purchased from the Soviet Government. It measures 28½ inches by 22½ inches.



— THE LATEST AND GREATEST TYRE



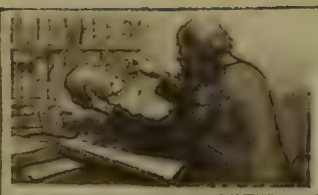
Whitbread & Co., Ltd.

I.P.S. & Gilbert Cousland.

Miss Gertrude Lawrence, in the latest Molyneux informal evening gown,
at supper with Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at Grosvenor House



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SOME REMARKABLE CRUSTACEANS, AND SPECIES WITHOUT MALES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

AT a meeting of the Zoological Society not long ago, some very striking evidence was given of the immense value of the cinematograph as a supplement to the microscope. This was on the occasion when Mr. A. G. Lowndes, the science master of Marlborough College, showed us some most astonishing pictures of the sperm-cells—the male reproductive cells—of some of the minute crustacea known as the

net which brings out these little ostracods—the "water-flea" and the cyclops, for example.

Let us take the ostracod first. There are many species of this tribe, some living in fresh water, some in the sea. The species captured in this first hunt will probably be *Cypris candona*. The tiny body bears no obvious likeness to that of a typical crustacean, such as a crab or lobster. For, in the first place, it is enclosed between a pair of shells, like a mussel. In the "clam-shrimps," belonging to a distantly related group, we again find the body enclosed in a pair of shells even more closely resembling the shells of mussels, for they show similar "lines of growth," arrayed concentrically. The "clam-shrimps," though represented by many species on the continent of Europe, are absent in our waters. But it is strange that, in two quite distinct groups of these lowly crustacea, we should find the body thus protected between two shells. Water-fleas, and cyclops of one or more species, may also be found in that sample of water. Now, in the water-flea we again find the body enclosed between two shells. But here the head projects beyond the shell. Here, then, we have three variants on the same theme. What agencies brought about these several forms, each so different from the shell of the typical crustacea, but so similar in essentials?

Now let us go back to the ostracods. Some of these, as I have said, are found in fresh water, some in the sea. This is what is commonly called their "environment," and the zoologist will tell you that whatever peculiarities we find in these tiny creatures are either "adjustments" to that environment, or they are due to "natural selection." But neither of these explanations, to my thinking, will meet the case. Fresh water, as an "environment," is the same for all the species found in it. Their differences, then, cannot be caused by the "environment." And they cannot well be ascribed to natural selection. This becomes the more apparent as the several peculiarities of the different species are examined.

Swimming is performed by the second pair of antennæ. In the fresh-water forms, these are thrust out of the shell and forced up and down; but in the marine species, the lower edge of the shell, near the head, is notched, to allow the swimming antennæ to be turned outwards and sideways, with a rowing motion. This curious difference cannot be attributed to the effect of the environment, but must rather be regarded as a manifestation of an inherent difference in the tissues of the two types, causing them to respond differently to similar stimuli. The notch in the shell must be regarded as a reciprocal response to the gradual change in the mode of swimming, the gentle but persistent friction between the base of the swimming antennæ and the edge of the shell gradually

leading to the formation of a notch. One could cite hundreds of such cases if the survey is enlarged from the ostracods to include all kinds of animals, both invertebrate and vertebrate. These changes in shape, and the gradual development of organs whose function is limited to one purpose only, are to be regarded, in short, as due not to influences from without, but rather to influences from within, starting from subtle changes in the substance of the material composing that portion of the body which has departed from the usual course. We have, indeed, witness enough in our bodies to show that the differences we find between individual men and women are due, not to living in the same environment, but to inherent "constitutional" differences inherited from our parents. And this is true both of our mental and physical heritage.

A very surprising feature about these tiny crustaceans is the fact that some species are parthenogenetic. That is to say, reproduction takes place



A COMMON COPEPOD: A SPECIES WITH THE HEAD SHIELD AND SEGMENTED ABDOMEN OF THE TYPICAL CRUSTACEAN, WHEREIN SWIMMING IS EFFECTED BY THE GREATLY DEVELOPED SECOND PAIR OF ANTENNÆ, AND THE EGGS ARE CARRIED IN A PAIR OF SACS ATTACHED TO THE BODY. (GREATLY ENLARGED.)

"ostracods." These creatures he has made the subject of long and patient investigation; and his pictures gave us the results of his labours, which the members of the Society will have the opportunity of studying at leisure in the next issue of the "Proceedings" of the Society, wherein the summary he gave us will be printed at length. Till this has appeared, I may not, in fairness to him, anticipate it by giving even a condensed summary of the marvellous things he showed us.

But, in turning over these wonders in my mind, I naturally envisaged these tiny creatures as they live and move and have their being. And this survey brought out many remarkable facts, such as I feel sure will prove of real interest to the readers of this page. To begin with: What are "ostracods"? Go to the nearest pond or ditch, provided with a small net and an empty pickle-jar, and you may scoop them up in hundreds: tiny little translucent bodies of about the size of a pin's head. They are lowly types of "crustaceans"—cousins of the crabs and lobsters. But a microscope will be needed to reveal their many peculiarities. These, however, can by no means be properly appreciated unless comparison be made with nearly related forms. Some of these will almost certainly be taken in the same haul of the



A SPECIES IN WHICH (AS IN *CANDONA*) REPRODUCTION BY VIRGIN FEMALES OCCURS; THOUGH MALES COMMONLY APPEAR IN THE AUTUMN: A WATER-FLEA (*DAPHNIA PULEX*); WITH BODY ENCLOSED BETWEEN A PAIR OF SHELLS, WITH THE HEAD LEFT FREE. (GREATLY ENLARGED.)

without the intervention of a male. No males, indeed, in some of these species, have ever been found. Professor Weismann, at Freiburg, kept a colony of *Cypris reptans* in an aquarium for eight years, and during the whole of that time no male appeared. There are several others of these lowly creatures, some only distantly related to the ostracods, in which this is also true. But, sooner or later, males must appear, though they have not yet been found. Otherwise the species would become extinct. In all these cases, as Mr. Lowndes has shown, the receptacle for the sperms of the male preserves its integrity, though it is rarely or perhaps never used. And this, indeed, is remarkable.

The marine species seem also to have developed their several peculiarities in spite of, rather than because of, their environment as such. This view seems to be confirmed by the fact that some will emit, from a gland near the mouth, under the right stimulus, a substance which, on contact with the water, forms a luminous cloud. What benefit this confers, no one has been able to discover. A similar habit, it is to be noted, obtains in certain deep-sea prawns, creatures in no way related to these microscopic species. And there are deep-sea prawns which have light-producing organs illuminating the interior of the gill-cavities. The cloud of light thrown out may serve, like the ink-cloud of the cuttle-fish, to baffle enemies, or it may serve as a beacon to help individuals of a swarm to keep together; but what end can be served by illuminating the gill-cavities?



TYPICAL OF A GENUS WHICH IS REMARKABLE AS CONTAINING MANY PARTHENOGENETIC SPECIES, IN WHICH MALES ARE UNKNOWN: *CANDONA*, ONE OF THE OSTRACODS FOUND IN OUR PONDS; WITH ITS SWIMMING ANTENNÆ (A) AND LEGS (B) PROJECTING BEYOND THE MUSSEL-LIKE SHELL. (GREATLY ENLARGED.)

In *Candona* the whole body is enclosed between a pair of shells that resemble the shell of a mussel. When it is swimming, or creeping about, the shell is opened just wide enough to allow the swimming antennæ or the legs to be thrust out, as in the photograph. In many species males are unknown, the females producing fertile eggs apparently indefinitely.—[Photograph by A. G. Lowndes.]

THE ROYAL ACADEMY TRANSFORMED: PICTURES GIVE PLACE TO ARTICLES WHICH COMBINE UTILITY WITH ARTISTIC FORM.



A SITTING-ROOM WITH A MARBLE FIREPLACE, A MIRROR WITH A BRILLIANT CUT PINK MIRROR, PINK AND ACID-EMBOSSED PINK AND BLUE SIDE PANELS, AND FURNITURE IN UPHOLSTERY AND IN SYCAMORE AND INDIAN PADOUK.



A DAY NURSERY WITH A BALCONY FOR SUN-BATHING WHICH IS APPROACHED ON EITHER SIDE BY "CLIMBING BLOCK" STEPS WHICH ALSO FORM RECESSES FOR TOYS AND BOOKS.

THERE can be no doubt that the Royal Academy Exhibition of British Art in Industry, inaugurated in Burlington House by the Prince of Wales on January 4 and to remain open until March, will win very considerable popularity: it covers a wide field and cannot fail to interest those who wish to see not only a higher standard of public taste, but increased prosperity for our arts and manufactures. When the Prince of Wales opened the exhibition, he summed the situation up well when he said: "Its object is to prove that the British manufacturer, in co-operation with British artists and designers, can produce in all branches of industry articles which combine artistic form and utility with sound craftsmanship. . . . This exhibition does not aim at providing æsthetic enjoyment for the select few. Its object is to show the public many attractive, and, in frequent cases, inexpensive articles which British industry can produce for them to enjoy in their daily life. But the public will have to show a real and genuine interest in the improvement

(Continued opposite)



A BEDROOM WHICH FEATURES A REVOLVING BED THAT SHOULD PACIFY THOSE WHO PREFER TO SLEEP WITH THEIR HEAD TOWARDS A PARTICULAR POINT OF THE COMPASS!—THE WHOLE IN QUEENSLAND WALNUT AND MAPLE.



A SECTION OF A SMALL KITCHEN, SHOWING THE MAIN PIECES OF EQUIPMENT CONVENIENTLY GROUPED; AND COOKER AND SINK PLACED FOR DAY OR ARTIFICIAL LIGHTING, WITH A VENTILATING GRILLE TO TAKE AWAY STEAM.



FURNITURE EXHIBITS INCLUDING A TEA CASKET OF BOMBAY ROSEWOOD, INLAID WITH CEYLON SATINWOOD AND EBONY, PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN BY THE EMPIRE TEA-GROWERS AND LENT TO THE EXHIBITION BY HER MAJESTY.



A BEDROOM SHOWING HOW MASS-PRODUCED FURNITURE OF REASONABLE COST CAN BE EMPLOYED WITH SUCCESS IN PLANNED SCHEMES OF DECORATION—ONE OF THE SEVERAL SPECIMEN ROOMS WHICH ARE A FEATURE OF THE EXHIBITION.



A SNACK BAR CARRIED OUT IN PLASTIC MATERIALS AND EXHIBITED IN ORDER TO SHOW SOME OF THE MANY USES TO WHICH SUCH MATERIALS ARE BEING PUT FOR DECORATIVE AND UTILITARIAN PURPOSES.



A COMBINED FITTED SIDEROAD AND DINING-TABLE—WITH A SERVICE HATCH BEHIND IT—WHICH ILLUSTRATES THE GREAT INGENUITY DISPLAYED BY MODERN CRAFTSMEN IN DESIGNING SPACE-SAVING DEVICES FOR FLATS OR SMALL HOUSES.

THE EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART IN INDUSTRY, TO BRING TOGETHER DESIGNERS, CRAFTSMEN, AND MANUFACTURERS.



A GARDEN DINING-ROOM WITH CARTOONED MARBLE WALLS-COVERING WHICH DEMONSTRATES THE PROCESS OF SANDBLAST CUTTING OF MARBLE AND STONE, A TABLE AND EIGHT STOOLS IN IVORY AND GREEN, AND A MARBLE FLOOR.



AN ARCHWAY CURTAINED WITH HAND-BLOCK PRINTED ART SILK VELVET, GREY, BLACK AND WHITE, WITH A VERY HIGH SURFACE—A NOTABLE EXHIBIT IN ONE OF THE GALLERIES OF SPECIMEN ROOMS.

of industrial products . . . to make it worth while for the manufacturers to go on producing these articles. . . . The exhibition has been organized without any idea of gain, but for the good of British industry as a whole and the British public as consumers." In presiding at the opening ceremony Sir William Llewellyn, P.R.A., said: "To-day more and more articles are produced in mass by machinery . . . and it is incumbent on those who command machinery to look to the worthiness of their designs. . . . The scheme of the exhibition is an entirely patriotic one, and was evolved solely to bring together the British designer and the British manufacturer for the betterment of the style of our products and the taste of the general public, with consequent benefit to industry and the reduction of unemployment. . . . The importance of the exhibition to manufacturer, artist, retailer and consumer, in these days of mass production and intense international rivalry, cannot be over-estimated. We hope it will prove to be the most vital and important of the winter exhibitions ever held in these galleries."

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

By FRANK DAVIS.

his *Life of Sir Joshua*, "one of the finest pictures I ever saw." [See opposite page.]

The game of attributions is a fascinating, and can be a tiresome, pursuit: as long as a work of art is a fine thing, no one really ought to care who created it. However, for good or ill, most of us like to arrange pictures under their appropriate labels, and from this point of view Exhibit 73, a mid-sixteenth-century Adoration, presents as pretty a problem as one can wish. The catalogue cautiously remarks, "Venetian School," which means that the learned committee which is responsible for the show is unable to come to a definite decision. Someone with a specialist knowledge of the period will one day succeed in identifying the painter with certainty; in the meantime, the non-specialist finds himself dreaming of a less fanatic, less morbidly religious middle-aged Tintoretto, escaping for a few days from his own powerful but sometimes tortured genius, and experimenting happily with a vision from his long-lost youth. Of course, there's Bassano and his family and numerous other

half-hearted in its comments: "An engraving of this subject exists," we read. "It is in the same direction as the painting, and is by a very late engraver. Dr. Borenus suggests that it" (that is, the engraving) "was executed by Francesco Novelli from a painting long in the Durazzo Collection,

Genoa, which painting is listed by Kristeller under 'attributed works.' Kristeller records several drawings, paintings, and engravings of Purgatory by pupils, deriving from, to him, unknown originals. Under lost or missing original works he mentions a 'Christ in Limbo' (small) inventoried in the Castello, Mantua; c. 1700." The industry of Kristeller in searching ancient records is all very well as far as it goes, which is no great distance—the rest of us will prefer to trust the evidence of the picture itself, and will surely fail to see in it anything but the hand of Mantegna himself. It is a composition of six figures at the entrance of a cave; from within a seventh stretches out his hands towards Christ, who stands on a rocky ledge at the entrance, draped in blue and crimson.

This is a small exhibition, and one would like to linger over each item were space available; as it is, a very brief summary of a few is all that is possible. The



"THE ASCENSION": INITIAL LETTER C. FROM A CHOIR BOOK.—SIENESE SCHOOL, MIDDLE FIFTEENTH CENTURY; PROBABLY BY TADDEO BARTOLO.

This came from the collection of J. Denistoun, who noted: "It was probably by Taddeo Bartolo, whom Vasari pronounced the first painter of that age, and whose frescoes in the Hall and Chapel of the Communita at Siena, painted in 1416, attest the justice of his praise and closely resemble the style of this miniature." It measures 8½ by 7½ in. It is lent by Mr. Kenneth Clark.

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competent people, but certain passages—notably the Virgin's robe and the figure of the shepherd—do most emphatically point to Tintoretto and to no lesser man. This is more a method of saying how enjoyable is this picture than a serious contribution to knowledge: it is a painting made up of swirling rhythms and the subtlest undertones; yet, however sophisticated the composition, it is held together not merely by its own

magnificent letter C from a choral book, Siena, mid-fifteenth century, is one of four illuminations at the end of the room on each side of a case of very choice Italian majolica; a severe and exquisite fourteenth-century primitive which has not been seen in public before comes from the Brocklebank collection; and many will be glad to see once more a most distinguished harmony in scarlet, gold, black, rose, and yellow—a triptych by Paolo di Giovanni which came up at Sotheby's in May 1933, and now belongs to Mr. C. Norris.

A portrait by the German, B. Strigel, is a rarity in England; next to this is a good Lucas Cranach; and another German picture—once thought to be Flemish, but confidently given to S. Germany of the late fifteenth century by Dr. Friedländer—is to be seen further down the wall (Exhibit 26)—St. John on Patmos, in which the Evangelist, in bright scarlet, with his flat gold halo outlined against the sky, sits writing in a valley between rocky mountains. Before him stands his emblem, an eagle—a most impressive little composition



"THE BIRTH OF CHRIST."—BY MEISTER MICHEL. (ACTIVE, C. 1481-C. 1515.)

This came from the K. W. Bachstiz Galleries, the Hague, and lent by Viscount Bearsted. It is on oak: 14 by 10½ in.

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"THE DUCAL PALACE AND PIAZZETTA, VENICE, SEEN FROM THE LAGOON."—BY FRANCESCO GUARDI. (1712-1793.)

This was painted for Ingram, the English dilettante and connoisseur, who lived in the Palazzo Mignaneli, in Rome, and for some time had a palace in Venice. Until recently, the picture belonged to his descendants. It is on canvas, 25 by 37½ in. It is lent to the Burlington Fine Arts Club Exhibition by Captain H. E. Rimington-Wilson.

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distinguished enough in themselves, and only gain by the contrast, which, indeed, for all I know, may have been intentional.

One sees so many near and not-so-near Guardi's in the auction-rooms and scattered about the country that the two in this exhibition are singularly refreshing, crystal pure, and of so dynamic a character that one wonders for a moment how it was that eighteenth-century Venice could ever have been called decadent. Their very stones are warm with the pulse of colourful humanity, and no one before or since has attained to Guardi's secret of the delicate flicks of paint with which he built up his little figures: "built up"!—a gross and pedestrian phrase with which to describe so delicious a spontaneity.

Exhibit No. 2, rather overwhelmed by its frame, has belonged to the same family since it left the studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It has an interesting history, for it was bought by James Northcote at a sale for Reynolds. The first P.R.A. was fond of acquiring damaged pictures by the Old Masters, and would paint them over to his own liking. This picture of a Moor Playing a Flute was bought as a Velasquez; modern criticism sees in it not Velasquez, but either Van Dyck or Jordaens. Only an X-ray examination could now discover how much of the original is left; as it is, sky, coat, hat, and flute are typical Reynolds of the 1770's. "It became," writes Northcote in

fine line, but by a quiet exaltation of spirit which is as delightful as it is obviously genuine. I now wait with great interest, and with what courage I can command, for a scorching refutation from someone who is really familiar with the subject. A little sketch by Tintoretto (Exhibit 3), about which there can hardly be two opinions, can be profitably compared with this picture. It is very slight, very fine, and of extraordinary emotional intensity.

More northern skies, and an imagination at once more cramped and more naïve, have combined to produce the Netherlandish panel (Exhibit 27) of the Nativity belonging to Lord Bearsted—a subdued little picture which will haunt the memory when others by greater personalities have faded away. The painter, one Michel, known as Flamenço, was active at the Spanish Court for Queen Isabella after 1481, and reminds one inevitably of the Haarlem painter, Geertgen Tot St. Jins, whose Nativity is to be seen in the National Gallery. By a pious, dramatic, and charming convention, the illumination of the picture comes wholly from the cradle; the photograph gives some notion of the intimate charm of this little masterpiece, but cannot reproduce its subdued and subtle gradations of colour.

For truly monumental and magnificent composition on a small scale, it would be difficult to find anything better than Exhibit 23—which is not surprising, as it is by Andrea Mantegna. The catalogue seems rather

A VELASQUEZ OVERPAINTED BY REYNOLDS; A MYSTERY; AND A MANTEGNA.

IN THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB EXHIBITION. REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE OWNERS. (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.)

IN the catalogue of the very interesting exhibition of pictures, furniture, Italian majolica and other objects of art that is being held by the Burlington Fine Arts Club in Savile Row, the "Moor Playing a Flute" is discussed as follows: "Attributed to Velasquez and Reynolds. Half length, facing right, and dressed in red, against a sky background. Canvas, 37½ by 30½ in. Nothing is known of this painting previous to its purchase by Reynolds; presumably between 1771 and 1776. Northcote, in his Life of Reynolds (1819, II, pp. 189, 190), thus described its acquisition and subsequent transformation: 'It was a particular pleasure to Sir Joshua when he got into his hands any damaged pictures by some eminent old masters; and he has very frequently worked upon them with great advantage, and has often made them, both in effect and colour, vastly superior to what they had ever been in their original state. . . . The picture . . . of a Moor blowing a pipe or flute, by Velasquez, . . . I bought for Sir Joshua at a picture sale by his desire. When he got it into his painting-room, he painted an entire new background to the picture, a sky instead of what was before all dark without any effect; but with this and some few other small alterations, it became one of the finest pictures I ever saw.' To students of Reynolds it will be clear that the alterations were



DESCRIBED BY NORTHCOTE AS A VELASQUEZ WORKED UPON BY REYNOLDS, BUT THOUGHT BY OTHERS TO BE A VAN DYCK OR A JORDAENS WORKED UPON BY REYNOLDS, WHO PAINTED - IN THE SKY AND MADE OTHER ALTERATIONS: "A MOOR PLAYING A FLUTE"; NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

more extensive than Northcote suggests. Most of the red jacket, the hat and the flute, as well as the sky, are by Reynolds. In particular, the broad brushwork and rich impasto shaping the shoulder, the hat and the mouthpiece of the flute admirably represent Sir Joshua's craftsmanship of the late '70's. To gauge the original is exceedingly difficult. How much of it may remain, only an X-ray examination would decide. What Reynolds would instinctively preserve is the design and conception. These, and as much of the handling of the head as can be judged, suggest some such Flemish trained artist as Van Dyck or Jordaens, rather than Velasquez. The fine, flaunting baroque design is quite in the vein of either Fleming." As to the "Adoration of the Shepherds," here reproduced, the writer of our "Page for Collectors," remarks with regard to attribution that, while Bassano and his family must be considered, certain passages point to no less a man than Tintoretto. Of the "Christ in Limbo" he writes: "For truly monumental and magnificent composition on a small scale, it would be difficult to find anything better," and argues in connection with Kristeller's researches, "the rest of us will prefer to trust the evidence of the picture itself, and will surely fail to see in it anything but the hand of Mantegna himself."



"THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS": A WORK CATALOGUED AS "VENETIAN SCHOOL, MID. XVIIth CENTURY," AND POSSIBLY, AS IS SUGGESTED IN OUR "PAGE FOR COLLECTORS," BY TINTORETTO.

(Oil on Canvas, 29½ by 35½ inches. Lent to the Burlington Fine Arts Club Exhibition by Dr. J. Seymour Maynard.)



"CHRIST IN LIMBO."—BY ANDREA MANTEGNA (1431-1506): "FOR TRULY MONUMENTAL AND MAGNIFICENT COMPOSITION ON A SMALL SCALE, IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO FIND ANYTHING BETTER."

(Panel, 15½ by 17½ inches. Lent to the Burlington Fine Arts Club Exhibition by Mr. Stephen L. Courtault.)

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN the first month of a new year even the most humdrum of men feel slightly adventurous, but most of us, tied to the drudgery of a daily routine, must pursue our quests vicariously through "others' books." Of these there is no lack, for although, from the astronomer's point of view, our globe has shrunk into insignificance, as a mere speck in a stupendous universe, for the explorer it remains sufficiently extensive, with secrets yet to be revealed and goals of endeavour unattained. Man will not be content until he has reached the heights and the deeps and the farthest recesses of the planet which is his allotted home.

To an old stager of the book world like myself, who not seldom finds his literary gods dethroned and the nineteenth century relegated to antiquity, it is refreshing to observe that, when an impressive poetical quotation is needed to express the spirit of adventure, recourse is had, not to some emancipated modern singer, but to that oft-decried "sentimentalist," Alfred Tennyson. It consoled me to discover ten lines of "Ulysses," those which end—

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles—

quoted on the title-page of "NINE AGAINST THE UNKNOWN." A Record of Geographical Exploration. By J. Leslie Mitchell and Lewis Grassie Gibbon. With nine Portraits and twelve Maps (Jarrolds; 18s.). The choice of the Tennysonian extract seems to me the more significant, remembering that another book recently reviewed here, "The Scottish Soene," of which "Lewis Grassie Gibbon" was also a co-author, showed a marked tendency to literary iconoclasm and the praise of the youngest school of writers at the expense of old-timers. That attitude, however, was perhaps only a phase of Scottish Nationalism. In any case, I not only find Tennyson quoted again here on a later page, but an even more antediluvian poet—the author of "The Ancient Mariner"—while all these excellent studies of famous explorers are written in good, sound, classical prose, with no touch of any modernist vagaries. There seems to be something symbolic about the number nine in the grouping of personalities, as in the Nine Worthies, the "Sacred Nine," and the "nine gods" by whom Lars Porsena swore; while there is a kind of biographical suggestion in the proverbial vitality of the feline race.

In the long history of exploration there are many more than nine famous names, and the question at once arises on what principle this particular number was selected. The names are (in order of appearance and, I think, also of chronology) Leif Ericsson, Marco Polo, Christopher Columbus, Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, Ferdinand Magellan, Vitus Bering, Mungo Park, Richard Burton, and Fritjof Nansen. The answer to our question is not left in doubt. "The quest of the Fortunate Isles," we read, "has moulded innumerable lives and journeys and voyages. . . . And in the lives of at least Nine of the great representative Earth-Conquerors its influence was predominant. . . . How that quest interwove in their lives and thoughts and actions . . . is the theme of this book. In all its changings—from a definite Island in a definite sea to a definite standpoint in human thought—it remained and remains *terra incognita*, the Unknown Land. . . . It was glamour gloriously unescapable. Leif at Brattalid, Burton at Aden, Mungo Park in Peebles, Bering toil-worn on the Yenisei, Magellan glowering eastwards from Goa:

Whether at feast or fight was he,
He heard the noise of a nameless sea
On an undiscovered isle."

Of all these "strange eventful histories," the least familiar, and perhaps, for that reason, the most attractive, is that relating to the Norse discovery of America at the beginning of the eleventh century. The chief figures of the tale stand out with Homeric clearness, and the love interlude of Leif Ericsson and Thorgunna, an island maiden of the Hebrides, recalls the romance of Theseus and his desertion of Ariadne in Naxos. I have never read the story of the great Norwegian voyager, who, in his frail "longship," anticipated Columbus by 500 years, told in popular form with fuller detail. His discovery of the shadowy western continent, it seems, has emerged from myth into history. "Leif's landfall," we read, "is now as certain as though he had verily carved with his own hand that rock on No Man's Land which has aroused so much controversy. . . . the rock on which is carved in Runic letters the inscription—'Leif Eriksson MI,' and below it, mutilated, 'Vinland.' . . . Modern research discards the enigmatic rock as a forgery. . . . There is surely another explanation—and that explanation Leif's

foster-father, Tyrker. Tyrker was a German, a foreigner among the Northmen, perhaps one who had learned writing in his own land and Runic later in life. . . . Who would have carved it in that long summer-winter but Tyrker himself in pride of the achievement of his foster-son—and some puzzlement as to the correctness of dating and spelling?"

It is now literally "the ends of the earth" which are the least-known parts of the globe and offer the best scope for new discovery. Recent news of Polar exploration has mostly come from the Antarctic, concerning the British Graham Land expedition, and other enterprises there. The books on my present list, however, all take me to the opposite Pole. For a general and impartial history, covering the whole field from the beginning, the reader may be recommended to "NORTHERN CONQUEST." By Jeanette Mirsky. With an Introduction by Viljalmur Stefansson. With thirty-eight Illustrations, a large Coloured Map of

mentions that she has spent 3½ years on her book, and she is evidently free from prejudice and possesses the historian's virtue of detachment. Stefansson goes on to say: "The first step in my admiration for Jeanette Mirsky is that she has been trying to write a history not for the aggrandisement of a nation or the ennobling of youth, but rather to get at and state facts. . . . She has generally depended on first-hand journals and has stuck to them. If they were wrong, she is wrong. Columbus describes a mermaid he observed. I have no quarrel with a historian who quotes the rediscoverer of America *verbatim* on mermaids and leaves it at that. . . . Miss Mirsky has gone far beyond preceding historians in accounts of old Russian expeditions. . . . She has given us, too, the work of the Dutch in reasonable perspective."

While Miss Mirsky has traced the progress of Arctic research from the outset, much of the same ground as in her later chapters, concerning the last quarter of a century, is covered in "THE CONQUEST OF THE NORTH POLE. Recent Arctic Exploration. By J. Gordon Hayes. With twenty-two Illustrations and eleven Maps (Butterworth; 18s.). Here again great stress is laid on the importance of a dispassionate pursuit of fact. Naturally, the two writers differ in the proportion of space allotted to various events and personalities. Thus the two books may be regarded as mutually complementary, neither of them rendering the other superfluous. Mr. Gordon Hayes tells at fuller length, for example, the story of the late "Gino" Watkins and his work in Greenland. Among other acknowledgments, he expresses thanks to Stefansson, of whose principal journey he gives an account more detailed and illuminating than in the other volume. Summing up Stefansson's exploration work, he writes: "His greatest achievement was not the discovery of new land or his living by the chase, but his creation of a new mental attitude towards the Arctic. . . . Stefansson is revolutionary in the best sense of the word. . . . To his lasting credit, he inaugurated a new era in Polar exploration by his original philosophy of Arctic life."

As a new feature of Arctic exploration, Mr. Gordon Hayes alludes to the "splendid series of scientific expeditions" sent out from our old Universities. "Although," he continues, "there have been more than twenty of these Oxford and Cambridge expeditions during the last thirteen years, they are little known, because their members are opposed to publicity and subscribe their own expenses; but the bushel will have to be removed that their light may shine forth." That result has been happily attained in one instance by "ICELAND ADVENTURE." The Double Traverse of Vatnajökull by the Cambridge Expedition. By J. Angus Beckett. With an Introduction by B. B. Roberts. Fifteen Photographs and Map (Witherby; 8s. 6d.). This book is not an official record of the expedition, but a vivacious personal narrative by one of its members. I was glad to find that I could claim an association in common with the author, for he mentions that he first became interested in Iceland when still at Uppingham in 1928 (thirty-six years after my period there!). Mr. Beckett accompanied the expedition as assistant surveyor. "Actually," writes his introducer, "he became assistant everything else as well. . . . This account is simply a record of our doings from day to day, with a description of the country and conditions. It is intended particularly to illustrate the lighter side of expedition life. The average age of the party was only twenty-three, ranging from nineteen to twenty-seven."

Though it hardly comes under the heading of exploration, "ARCTIC VILLAGE," by Robert Marshall. With fifty-six Illustrations (Jarrolds; 18s.), may appropriately be mentioned here, as it gives a refreshingly unconventional description of daily life in a settlement on the fringe of the "White North." The author decided to spend the summer in Alaska, and this volume is the result. He evidently proved a "good mixer," and he found himself in a care-free, contented, and simple-minded community. "I think it would interest many readers," he says, "to learn something about the independent, exciting, and friendly life of the Arctic frontier. Consequently, I am writing this book with the purpose of painting a complete picture of the civilisation of whites and Eskimos which flourishes in the upper reaches of the Koyukuk, two hundred miles beyond the edge of the Twentieth Century." This blend of space and time suggests a contrast to our hectic city life, straining after speed and the anticipation of events, which gives one a continual sensation of being pitched into the middle of next week.

C. E. B.

Nardus mea dedit odorem suum.
Fasciculus myrrhæ dilectus meus mihi.
Inter ubera mea commorabitur cyprus dilectus meus mihi.
In vineis Engaddi.

ECCĒ tu pulchra es, amica mea, ecce tu pulchra es; Oculi tui columbarum.
ECCĒ tu pulchra es, dilecte mi, et decorus: Lectulus noster floridus. Tigna domorum nostrarum cedrina, Lacuaria nostra cyprina.

Ego flos campi Et lilium convallium.

SICUT lilium inter spinas, Sic amica mea inter filias.

SICUT malus inter ligna silvarum. Sic dilectus meus inter filios. Sub umbra illius, quem desideraveram, sedi Et fructus ejus dulcis gutturi meo. Introduxit me in cellam vinariam, Ordinavit in me charitatem. Fulcite me floribus, stipate me malis:

THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: PAGES OF MANUSCRIPT BY EDWARD JOHNSTON FROM THE "SONG OF SONGS."

In recent years a group of calligraphers, notable amongst whom were Edward Johnston, Allan Vigers, and Graily Hewitt, carried the technique of the revived craft of manuscript writing to its highest plane of achievement. These pages by the first-named, written by him on vellum in 1912, show the perfection of technique and the simplicity and ease which characterise all his work. He leans, as in this example, towards the broad letters of the tenth and eleventh centuries.

A a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o
p q r s t u v w x y z &
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t
u v w x y z 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK BEGINNING JANUARY 3 AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A PANEL OF LETTERING BY ERIC GILL.

The Victoria and Albert Museum decided to select its masterpiece of the week, during the Exhibition of British Art in Industry at Burlington House, from the examples of modern industrial art in the Museum collections. This Hoptonwood stone slab, carved by Eric Gill in 1909, is marked by that precision and elegance with which this artist has done so much to raise the art of lettering to its recently recovered place in general estimation.

the Arctic Regions and thirteen other Maps (Hamish Hamilton; 15s.). The commendation of this work by the distinguished explorer who introduces it is the more valuable from the fact that his standard of criticism is very exacting. He tells us that his Polar library, containing over 10,000 items, includes sixty-seven histories of Polar explorations published during the last 200 years, and that "from the historian's point of view not one of the Arctic volumes even approaches the satisfactory." Some he considers good as travel tales, but most of them have a national or a moralising bias, or are narrow in outlook.

The author of the present work is disappointingly reticent regarding herself or her qualifications, though she

mentions that she has spent 3½ years on her book, and she is evidently free from prejudice and possesses the historian's virtue of detachment. Stefansson goes on to say: "The first step in my admiration for Jeanette Mirsky is that she has been trying to write a history not for the aggrandisement of a nation or the ennobling of youth, but rather to get at and state facts. . . . She has generally depended on first-hand journals and has stuck to them. If they were wrong, she is wrong. Columbus describes a mermaid he observed. I have no quarrel with a historian who quotes the rediscoverer of America *verbatim* on mermaids and leaves it at that. . . . Miss Mirsky has gone far beyond preceding historians in accounts of old Russian expeditions. . . . She has given us, too, the work of the Dutch in reasonable perspective."



The hard, wooden sound of the ball spinning above the wheel, the crowded tables, the formal cries of the *croupiers* as they indulge in their time-honoured ritual, must ever exercise an irresistible fascination on anyone entering the Rooms, the very Temple of Fortune of our days. Here millions of francs have been — are being — lost and won. Though empires may crumble into dust within a week, the gambler is immortal. The Russian Grand-Dukes have gone, only to be replaced by other figures, newer, it is true, but no less strange. No gap is ever left in the perpetual motion of the Rooms.

Osbert Sitwell

MONTÉ CARLO



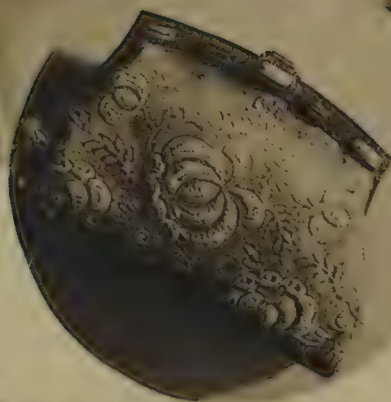
Of Interest to Women.



Pure black silk ripple crêpe showing a pastel-tinted design has been used by Debenham and Freebody for the evening dress on the left; the cape is of net relieved with motifs to match the dress. The hat is a study in delicate lettuce-leaf shades enriched with ribbon. It is a close-up of the one worn by the figure on the right.



The race frock above is expressed in lettuce-leaf green crêpe back satin; insertions of net are effectively employed for decorative purposes on the sleeves and corsage. The hat which completes the scheme is seen in the centre of the page.



It is in cloque that the dress below is expressed. The colour suggests burnt almonds with pink lights; these lovely pink and brown shades are harmoniously blended in the silk scarf. The bonnet-hat is of felt; it would also look ultra-smart fashioned of the same material as the dress.

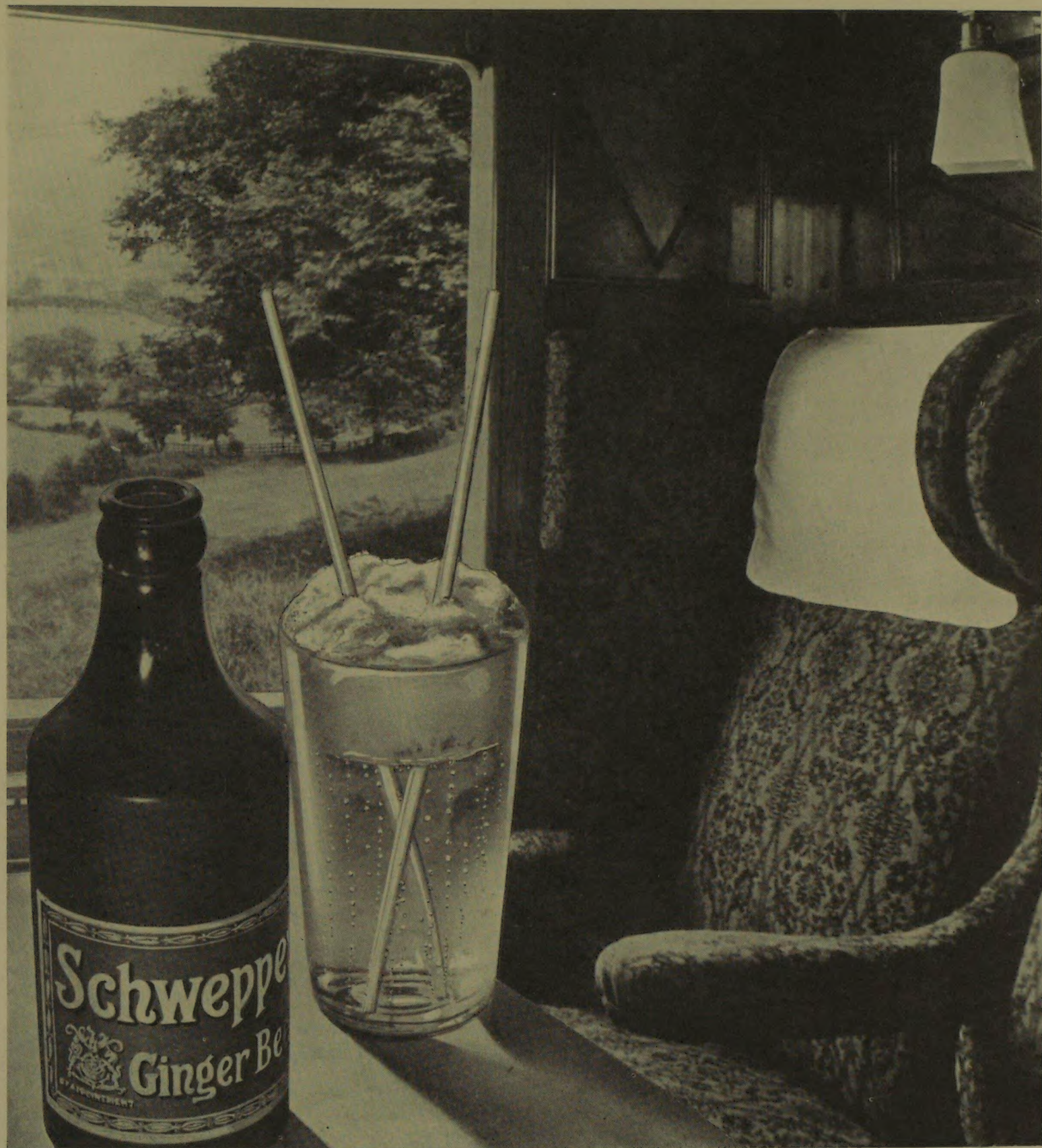
Fifteen, or even ten, years ago, important social functions in India, Cairo, South Africa, and Australia aroused little interest in England. Now all is altered, to a great extent due to the enterprise of the Imperial and other Airways. These countries may easily be visited, a journey-occupying only a few days. Next month there is Delhi Week, with its world-renowned Horse Show, and important evening receptions and dances. The notable creators of modes in London and Paris, including Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are showing fashions for these events, and are in a position to arrange for them to be delivered to their clients, freight, duty and all charges paid. Naturally there is always an influx of visitors from all over the world for "The Week," as it is called. Cairo is very gay too, with its race meetings and dances.



Suede and calf are present in the shoes above, which are primarily destined to be seen in conjunction with the dress on the right. There are many attractive variations on this theme.

Never has there been a time when pochettes and their relations have played so prominent a rôle. Hence close-ups are given of those portrayed in the larger pictures. Satin decorated with metal stars has been used for the affair above, and for the one above it a new material that is reminiscent of the old-world yak lace.





Photographed by courtesy of the L M S

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By C. AMBLER

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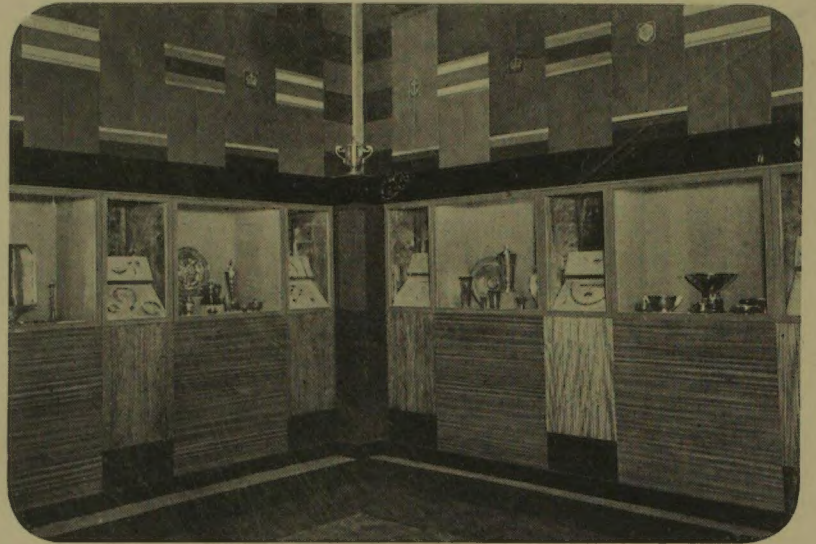
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"CINDERELLA," AT DRURY LANE.

"CINDERELLA" is exactly the right pantomime for Drury Lane. The big scene, the Enchanted Lake, into which the chorus disappears from view, is in the tradition of the theatre. There is not a great deal of comedy, it is true, and it has more than a few moments of dullness; but, taking it all round, it is a very acceptable Christmas offering for young and old. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry makes a beautiful and dignified principal boy and sings charmingly, though her voice lacks the jollity one looks for at this season of the year. June is a delightful "Cinders," and the titbit of the evening is her rendering of "Tiddlywinks," a number she sings to a most amusing dog.



IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART IN INDUSTRY: A CORNER OF THE GALLERY CONTAINING THE WORK OF JEWELLERS AND CRAFTSMEN IN THE PRECIOUS METALS.

Miss Clarice Hardwicke makes a perky Dandini, Miss Ethel Revnell a most amusing Ugly Sister, and Mr. Billy Danvers is a sly, humorous Buttons.

"DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE LYCEUM.

The Brothers Melville have given us the "mixture as before." Which is wise of them. There is the big set that magically revolves and discloses another even more magnificent, and a storm-tossed ship that turns turtle, to the great discomfort of its passengers. A Lyceum would be unthinkable without the bassoon-voiced Mr. George Jackley. The children clap hands with delight when a noise that resembles a fog-horn heralds his entrance. His "Two Little Tom-Tits," in which he divides the audience into sexes, with orders to compete against each other in singing the chorus, is the big hit of the performance. Messrs. Naughton and Gold are as funny as ever; while Mr. Dick Henderson makes a successful, and buxom, first appearance in skirts. Miss Elsie Prince is about half the size but has twice the vitality of the average principal boy; she is the best the Lyceum has had for some years.

The *Gripsholm*, which will leave Southampton on Feb. 19 on a winter cruise of the Mediterranean, is the second largest of the well-known "White Fleet" of the Swedish American Line. She has a burthen of 23,600 tons. She has thermo-tank system ventilation, and electric fans in all cabins; both swimming-pool and "lido," and swimming-bath; electric baths; a "Ritz" restaurant for private entertaining, besides dining-saloons, and an Argentine



SHOWN IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART IN INDUSTRY: "DORLAND" WARE OF PURELY FUNCTIONAL DESIGN; SHOWN BY POUNTNEY AND CO., OF BRISTOL.

It will be noted that the design of every part is purely functional. Thus, the saucer has a wide base to obviate rocking, and a high edge to facilitate handling; the cover-holes in the tea-pot and the coffee-pot are shaped to take the hand when cleaning, and are set back to prevent "flooding"; and the spouts are non-drip. The colouring is deep orange, with a cream band on a dark cream ground. The designer is J. F. Price; the makers are Pountney and Co., of Bristol.

Tango band. During the winter cruise she will touch at Gibraltar, Villefranche, Naples, Bizerta, Malta, Alexandria, Haifa, Cyprus, Rhodes, Istanbul, Athens, Syracuse, Palma, and Malaga. Those of our readers who are interested in the romantic past of the Mediterranean countries will find the programme of excursions from these ports a most stimulating one. From Larnaca, in Cyprus, for instance, a motor drive is planned to Nicosia, the historic capital.



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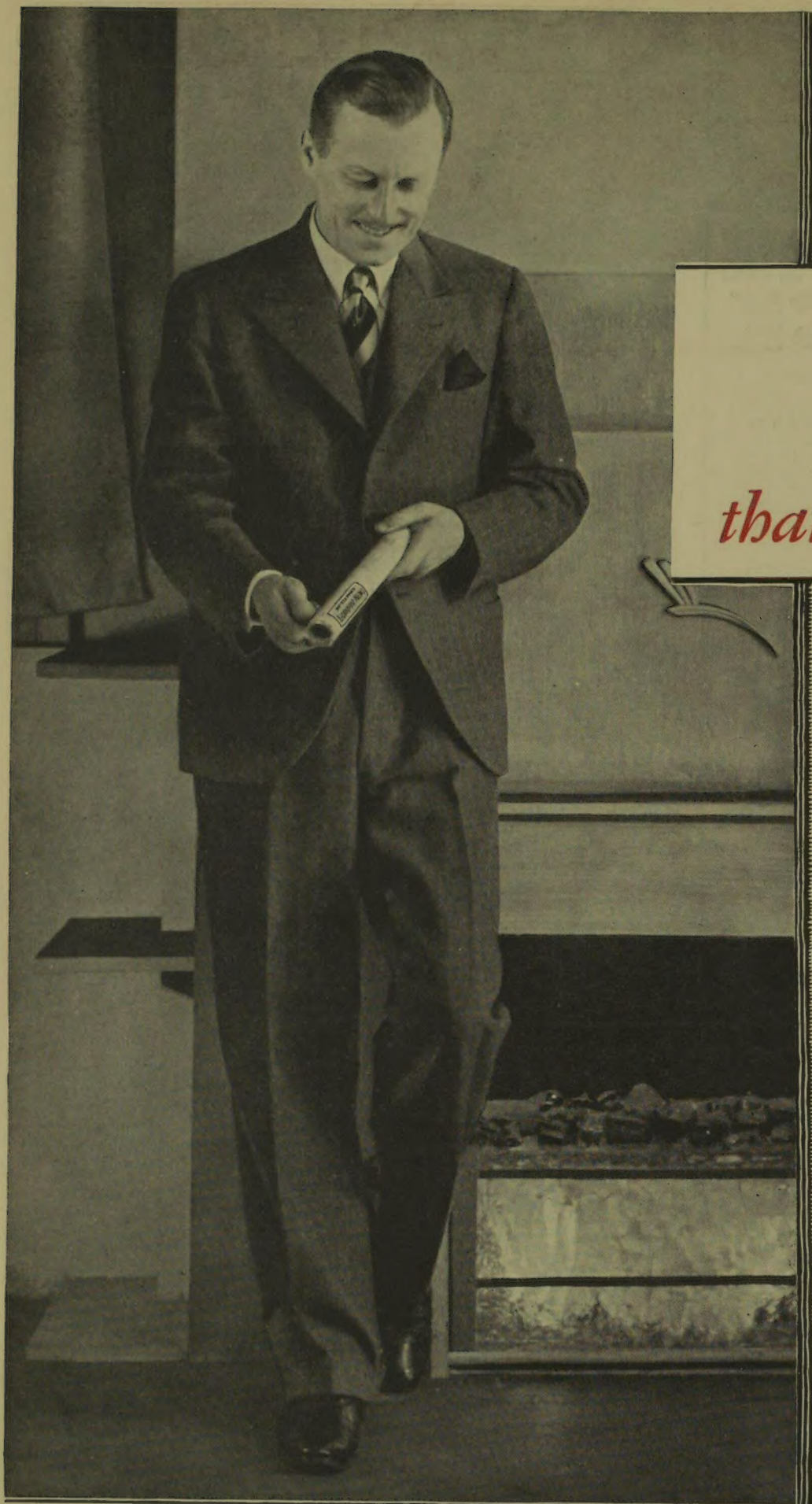
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